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Horace to the Rescue.

(Bertha E. Bush, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.')

'The church demands too much,' declared Horace to the circle that somehow always gathered around him. 'Now, there's my sister Katherine. She's just overwhelmed with church-work. Morning and evening services, Sunday school, Christian Endeavor society, Junior meeting, Ladies' Aid Society, Woman's Missionary Society, and I don't know how many more, Katherine feels bound by her conscience to go, and she is getting entirely worn out.'

THE DOUGH STUCK TO HIS FINGERS.

And every man in the group around him believed every word he said. Weren't their wives and mothers and sisters and sweethearts also all tired out with church-work? Weren't there meetings innumerable which these weary women had to attend? Were their hands ever empty of work? If it wasn't a church supper, wasn't it a Sabbath-school picnic, or Christmas entertainment, or convention, or missionary society, or at least a prayer meeting? Weren't their Sundays, instead of being days of rest, the very busiest days of their busy weeks?

It was evident that Horace had felt deeply enough to do some investigation of the subject; else how would he have succeeded in distinguishing and naming correctly all those multitudinous societies? He had indeed studied the matter, and he felt much disturbed about it. It was partly for the sake of Katherine, of whom he was very fond, and partly because his own plans, which he had laid so pleasantly, had not come out at all.

'I should love to go sleigh-riding with you,' Katherine had said wistfully; 'but you know it's prayer-meeting night, and there are so few at our prayer meetings that the minister misses every one who stays away, and it's so discouraging to him.'

This after Horace had hired the rig and driven to the door to give his sister a pleasure! It was very provoking, especially when he noted the real longing in her eyes and realized how much the unusual outing would mean to her. How did he know that it was prayer meeting night? He never went to the meeting, and had quite forgotten that it came on Wednesday.

And yet Horace, in his schoolboy days before he went to the University, had joined the little church; and his name was still on the church-roll as a member. But he never attended there now. He had grown beyond such narrowness, he would have said. The minister wasn't interesting. It was much more comfortable to rest on Sunday mornings after working all the week, scarcely rising before time to go down to the nice Sunday dinner that Katherine always prepared.

He believed in the church the same as ever, he said lazily; but he didn't believe it would do him any good to go there and listen to sermons when he didn't want to. Why should a man exert himself to do what he didn't want to do, anyway?

Unfortunately almost all the male population of Holly Centre thought in the same way. It was essentially a woman's church. The Ladies' Aid Society raised the money for church expenses by a heroic series of fairs, festivals, and church suppers. A woman was clerk of the Church. A woman was Sabbath school superintendent. The only missionary organization was the Woman's Missionary Society.

And the church languished. All the suppers and fairs and festivals failed to bring in the minister's scanty salary. The weekly prayer meeting was counted well attended when ten were present. The men in the Sabbath congregations were very few and far between. The Christian Endeavor society had a membership of three young men and twenty young women. The only boys who came to the Junior meetings were under eight years old. The amount sent to missions grew yearly less in spite of most earnest efforts. The debt on the parsonage increased.

Meanwhile, the faithful women, because there were so few of them, did double and treble work. Every one had to put forth her best efforts in each branch of the church work, and there was no let-up.

But it did seem to come hardest on Katherine. She was young enough to belong to the Christian Endeavor society, and as a leading member held perpetual office and perpetual responsibility therein. She was old enough to be the youngest member of the older orgnizations, and was constantly put on soliciting committees and given the work that required running around. And she was Junior superintendent, first because they said that she was the best hand with children in the whole town, and, secondly, because no one else would take the position.

In one respect Horace was wrong in his enumeration. Katherine did not attend the Sunday school. Instead she came home after morning service to get dinner for the family of seven. Such good dinners as Katherine did prepare! She had a knack of succeeding at everything to which she turned her hand. The trouble was that just because of that knack she was constantly desired to do too much. Horace was right. Katherine had too

much church-work to do. She was almost at the point of nervous prostration. Yet Horace, coming home unexpectedly one evening not long afterward, found her actually in tears.

'What's the matter, sis?' he asked in brotherly solicitude.

'O, Horace,' said Katherine miserably, 'I've just been to annual church meeting, and Mrs. Gray, our Sabbath-school superintendent, got up and made us a speech about how badly she needs two more teachers in the Sabbath school. She said she couldn't get anybody to take the classes, and some one must, or she can't possibly hold the scholars. And one of them is a class of boys, and she asked me to take it. And they all think I ought to. They say I'm the best teacher for that class in the whole congregation, and the only one who can hold them—they're just the scattery age, you know. And I can't! I can't! I have to come home and get dinner at the Sabbath-school hour! There's nobody else to get it. I've thought of every way to arrange it differently, but I can't find any that will do. And so nobody will take the class, and the boys will just leave Sunday school—and we need boys so much. O, dear, dear! Isn't it a shame to be tied by a dinner when there's such a work going undone because I can't do it?'

'Fiddlesticks! It's an imposition to ask you to do it!' These were the words on Horace's tongue, but he checked them before he said them. (He was certainly the dearest fellow in the world.) 'Do you really want to teach that class?' he asked.

'There's nobody else to do it,' answered Katherine.

'Well,' said Horace like the man and brother he was, 'I'll get the Sunday dinner, and let you go. A fellow ought to do something besides lounging on Sunday morning.'

And so the queer arrangement was made. Horace had no fear for his skill as a cook. He had Katherine's own knack of doing things right, and had often compounded oyster stews and such delectable messes. Once in his boyhood he had even made doughnuts. The story was still told in the home how, as a boy of ten, he had said, 'Mother, won't you make some doughnuts to-day?' and the busy mother had answered: 'No, I haven't time. Make them yourself, if you want them very much.'

Nothing daunted, the boy had donned an apron and hunted up a receipt, and, under indulgent motherly advice, made a batch of doughnuts so good that they remained the family tradition for years. (No one ever mentioned, when the story was told, that he had never attempted doughnuts again.) Horace, forgetting how much motherly direction had been given that day, had no doubt that in getting a dinner he would be equally successful.

'What time do you begin getting it?' he asked.

'At twelve o'clock, when I get home from church,' answered Katherine.

Then Horace scorned all further instructions. 'I can tend to it. Run along,' he said graciously to Katherine.

Katherine had meant to set the table for him before she went; but the family was late for breakfast, and various other complications arose, so that it was all that she could do to finish the morning work and get off on time. At twelve o'clock, in dressing-gown and slippers, Horace sauntered into the kitchen.

Unfortunately he had too great an estimation of his own ability. His father wanted baking-powder biscuits for Sunday dinner.

'I can make them if Katherine can,' said Horace rashly, remembering his doughnuts; and he got the receipt-book, and set to work.

But biscuits are the stickiest things on earth to handle if you don't know how to do it. The dough stuck to his fingers in a way that was maddening. The flour-board was a sight. The floor was worse. It was half-past twelve before Horace got those remarkable-looking biscuits into the oven. In the meantime the aforesaid oven had become cold. Horace made up the fire after his own fashion—an efficient one, you may be sure.

Then he started to wash and prepare the potatoes, which he had forgotten before. It takes a longer time to prepare potatoes than one unskilled would dream. Before he had them in the kettle he smelled an appalling smell. The biscuits were burnt black with the sudden heat. He flung them out of sight in haste.

Then he discovered to his surprise how many things there are to do about housework. Long before dinner was ready he realized that making oyster stews with an adoring sister to hand you milk, butter, saucepan, salt, and pepper, or even making doughnuts with a mother to help and advise you, is very different from getting a meal alone and attending to a dozen things at once. It was one o'clock before he went to the ice-box for the steak, and began pounding it vigorously. When it was once sizzling over the coals, he found to his surprise that he could not leave it a moment without disasters following. At a quarter past one the children came bursting in from Sabbath school ravenously hungry, of course.

'Where's dinner?' they cried in disappointed tones, and then Horace remembered for the first time that he had forgotten to set the table. No wonder they looked hopeless.

Katherine's coming a moment later was hailed with delight. She whisked on a big apron, and in an instant, seemingly, was here there, and everywhere. She set the table in a whiff. She skimmed the milk, and made the tea, and brought up the butter, and sent John after water, and cut the bread, and drained the potatoes, and arranged the dessert.

As for Horace, it took every bit of his attention to cook that beef steak, but really it was well cooked. Everything to which Horace gave his entire attention was sure to be well done, except perhaps biscuit and a few such concoctions too intricate for the unassisted masculine brain to master. It was really a surprisingly good dinner under the circumstances, and only three-quarters of an hour late; but Horace didn't feel proud of it.

Katherine had to go to the Junior meeting at a quarter to three. Because it was so late Horace helped her with the dishes. You see he really was one of the dearest, kindest brothers in the world. But Katherine's face was white, and her hands moved wearily. 'What's the matter, sis?' asked Horace.

'I'm afraid I'm all tired out,' answered Katherine with a sad little laugh. 'It was harder work to teach that class of boys than I thought it would be. I don't feel at all like going to manage those juniors now.'

But she piled up the unwashed dishes, dried her hands, and faithfully hurried off. Then Horace did some thinking, while, contrary to Katherine's commands, he finished the work alone. Perhaps he saw for the first time that his sister's daily work was hard. And how conscientiously she attended all those meetings and worked in them till she was tired enough to drop!

'It's a burning shame!' said Horace. 'What makes her do it?'

'But it must be done, and there's nobody else to do it,' he heard her tired voice in reply to his protests.

Must the church-work be done, every bit of it? Why, yes, if the gospel were true, and the work the thing that needed to be done. But why should such a good sister as Katherine be killing herself with doing it when her great, strong brother spent the Sabbath resting?

'Katherine,' he said the next day,—and he said it after a struggle, for it was no pleasure to give up his delightful Sunday ease,—'I'm not a brilliant success at getting dinner, and I've decided that it would be better for me to take that Sabbath-school class than for you to. Tell Mrs. Gray I'll take it if she has nobody else in view, and she thinks I could do it.'

Could he do it? Handsome, athletic, friendly Horace, with the clear eyes and the clean record, who held the hearts of all the boys in town in his hand, and was their ideal of everything that was manly. Why, he had more influence over them than the minister and all the other church members put together. Where he led, they followed like a flock of sheep. The boys' class in Sabbath school had never been so full or so successful. A young man has an influence over half-grown boys that the most attractive young woman fails to attain.

Then one after another of the men in the congregation wheeled into line. Somehow it became popular to do church-work when Horace Walden, a university graduate and the most-sought-after young man in town, went into it. Before another year the church at Holly Centre had a man clerk, and a Sabbath school superintendent, and a men's financial committee, and even—wonder of wonders—a young man for Junior superintendent and a Junior society in which the majority were boys. And the women rested their tired hands, and grew fresh and unworried and companionable; and Katherine blossomed like a rose.

It might be so in every church. There is plenty of material among the members and those who might be brought in to fill every office that needs to be filled, so that no one need take two offices nor use up strength pulling at two loads at once. There are plenty to do all the work easily if they could only be roused. Yet over and over again the whole burden falls on a few faithful ones, who must carry on all the work of the church in every direction, lest it fail and be not carried on at all; and these are driven incessantly till they break down under the strain. Would that more of our young men—yes, and others beside young men—might be awakened to come to the rescue as did Horace!

One Star Differeth From Another.

Have you ever put forth distinct and specific personal effort which God blessed in the salvation of a fellow-mortal? If not, you have yet to learn what is most satisfactory and encouraging in Christian life and work. To hear somebody say, You were instrumental in God's hands in rescuing me from a life of sin; you were the occasion of my seriousness, of my seeking, of my believing, and finally of my salvation, is to hear the gladdest sound that can fall upon Christian ear. To save a soul is to do business for eternity. The time will never come throughout eternal ages when the immortal spirit will cease to be thankful to the agent of its conversion. Those who have turned many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever. They will be bright, conspicuous saints among the multitude of immortals. The souls they have rescued will regard them with deference and reward them with glowing love. 'One star differeth from another star in glory.' So also do the resurrection saints. Some will rise to distinguished dignity and honor because of their fidelity.

Canadians Abroad.

Canadians residing abroad will one and all heartily appreciate the 'Canadian Pictorial,' with its monthly budget of 'pictures from home.' The first edition will be exhausted long before most of them realize that there is such a publication—and they will be sorry to miss the first issue. Friends at home could not find a more acceptable gift to send them—only a dollar bill for twelve months of pleasure. For the present this rate covers postage to all parts of the world. Orders of this sort will need to be sent in promptly, for very soon it will be impossible to get the October issue.

On request, a neat gift card will be sent, announcing to the far-away friend the name of the donor.

A Special Christmas Club.

To friends throughout Canada (excepting Montreal and suburbs) also throughout Great Britain and Ireland, the United States and the many other countries mentioned on page 15 as not requiring extra postage, the 'Canadian Pictorial' may be sent for only fifty cents, provided three or more such subscriptions are remitted at one time. So often in the Christmas preparation for those at home, gifts for the distant friends are not mailed till too late. Now is the time to arrange for what is really a series of gifts, in one of the most delightful forms, a form that makes it possible to share the pleasure with others. Send in your Christmas subscriptions now. They will have the most careful attention.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Bottle the Sunshine.

(Lizzie De Armond, in the 'Ram's Horn.')

Bottle the sunshine up, my dears,
And lay it safe away;
Hammer the cork in good and tight,
Keep for a rainy day.
For clouds will come and showers will fall,
And earth and sky look sad;
Then fling the cheery rays about,
And make the old world glad.

Bottle the sunshine up, my dears,
Sweet temper lay away;
Carry through life a smiling face,
And let your heart be gay.
There's sorrow plenty in the world,
And strife and bitter pain,
So line the clouds with golden beams.
And sing a glad refrain.

'Let Me Carry It For You.'

'Let me carry it for you. Oh, no, it will not trouble me a bit! I will just take it right up on my wheel. You will find it all safe when you get home.'

So the heavy bundle was taken out of the cramped arms of the poor old lady, and transferred to the wheel of the stout young man, who then sped down the street.

'I wish everybody were as good as that man!' the old lady thought, watching him as he sped out of sight around the corner. 'There are so many tired arms in this world!'

So many tired arms!

Would it not be fine if you and I were to think more about these weary arms as we go up and down the world? It surely would help us to forget some of the things which make our hearts tired; for there is something about doing for others which rests the one who thus lightens another's burden.

As he whirled away homeward with the burden he had lifted from the hands of the dear old friend who had no one to help her on the lonely way of life, I am sure there must have been a joy in the young man's heart. God put that feeling of happiness there. It was the blessing which comes from having done a kindly deed.

The other day, a little girl sat in a railway train all alone. At one of the stations a number of passengers came on. The car was now crowded. A young gentleman asked to share the seat of the little one. He had a travelling bag, an umbrella, and an overcoat, on his arm, so that the seat was well filled after he had settled down into it.

By and by, the lights of home came into sight. The little girl turned her eyes upward toward a heavy satchel that some one had placed there for her at the other end of the journey. She was a bit anxious about it, for it was too large for her to lift down, or to carry after it was down from its high place above.

The young man saw this troubled look, and when the train rolled into the station he said, 'I'll get it down for you, little girlie. Don't you worry about it. We'll manage it all right.'

'But you have so many things of your own.'

'Oh, we will fix them! You take your other bundles, and I will carry these.'

So, gathering his own bag, the umbrella, and the overcoat up in one arm, the young man tugged the little girl's heavy satchel out in the other hand. It was a load; but what of that? All the way, the little girl told him the story of her journeying all alone far across the state to meet her dear father in the great city. She was so tired, and she had wondered how she could get the big satchel out alone. But now it was all right and she was so thankful!

What are aching arms and tired shoulders by the side of joy in the heart? The fuller the sense of happiness, the lighter seems the tugging at the strained muscles.

When shall we begin to think about lifting the loads from the hearts of others? There will be a chance this very day, if we have our eyes open for it. The wood box will get empty, and some one must bring in the wood to fill it. It may be mother, or perhaps sister.

'Oh, well, there isn't much fun in filling the wood box!' we say. 'It is different when you can carry bundles, and big satchels. Somebody besides your own folks will say, "Thank you," then!'

I wonder if it really is true that it is harder to do the little things that must be done right in our own homes than it is to do them for strangers? Is a 'Thank you' from some one's else mother sweeter than one from your very own mother? Oh, no, I am sure that is not so! And I know, too, that if there is any place in the world that a blessing will come for being good and kindly and thoughtful it is right at home.

The boy who sees things to be done in his own home and does them willingly and cheerfully, is the one who will see them away out in the world. I would not give much for the lad who is always ready to help those he meets on the street, but who never sees the cares and the tired arms in his own home.

I know of another who keeps watch of all we do. His great heart is glad when he sees one of his boys do a kindly act for the man or woman who is staggering under a heavy load along life's rough road; but sweeter still does it seem to him, I am sure, when they say to father and mother and brother and sister, 'I'll carry it for you,' and say it brightly, cheerily, and with a joy in the very soul.—Edgar L. Vincent, in 'New Guide.'

Beaten.

(Fergus Mackenzie, in the 'British Congregationalist.')

On the fringes of Monrimmont Moor there flourished, three-quarters of a century ago, a race of crofters, stern, upright, self-respecting, fearing God. They toiled at the intaking of the stubborn moor with a strength and courage that were heroic. Accustomed to endure they were practised in the virtue of self-restraint; mingling little with their kind they were reticent and rarely gave expression to their emotions, although they were capable of the deepest feeling. Their hearts, like black mountain tarns, were of a depth invisible; once in a lifetime they might be betrayed into revealing their soul, but they blushed with every remembrance of such a revelation.

Dr. Matthews had been summoned from Glenbruar to one of the crofts. He had been told there was no hurry, but that he might take a step up in that direction some day soon and see what was wrong with old Elspet Maclean. The doctor did not wait an hour, but set off with grave misgivings, for these crofters never sent for him till they were at death's door. A little more than a mile from the Glen he left the highway and, striking westward, held along a deeply rutted cartway thickly grown with broom and whin and carpeted with grass. On one side was a belt of Scotch firs, on the other a moor luxuriant with heather, from which the bloom had already passed. Pursuing his way between wood and moor he came to a clearance in the forest, which was occupied with Saunders Maclean's croft and the small thatched cottage where Elspet lay sick.

When the doctor's visit was over, Saunders accompanied him across the moor.

'Weel, doctor, an' what think ye o' her?' he asked. From Saunders's unconcerned tone one would have imagined that Dr. Matthews was a veterinary surgeon, and that the question referred to some of the livestock on the croft.

Dr. Matthews felt that Saunders had not apprehended the gravity of his wife's illness. 'I had better tell you the truth at once, I suppose,' he said with a certain brusquerie in his tone, for he did not quite relish the indifference of this cold-blooded husband.

'Of course! What are you paid for?' the other retorted gruffly.

'Sometimes for holding my tongue!'

Dr. Matthews felt this man was unbearable. It would be no great loss to his patient when she was set free from such tender mercies as she was likely to experience in her illness.

Saunders made no reply to this speech; he was gazing at a distant corner of the wood.

'She will not leave her bed again,' the doctor added after a pause.

Saunders Maclean slowly withdrew his gaze, gathered himself together like a man about to make a supreme effort, but contented himself with saying, 'Ay, doctor,' He meant to add something, but checked himself. Then he asked, 'An' what like is the matter?'

'She is worn out; the tabernacle is done.'

'Dune!' the other exclaimed, turning upon the speaker with flashing eyes—'dune! What business has she to be dune? She's no' ohything like so auld as I am, an' yet I'm no' a preen-heid the waur. I'm ower the fourscore twa years gane, an' she's no' oot seventy-five. Whatever's the matter she canna be dune.'

'She has remained on her feet till she could stand no longer, Saunders, and she will never rise again. She is worn out, I tell you,' the doctor said almost angrily.

'Ay, man, that's terrible,' Saunders said perplexed. 'I since had a mare that gued that wey, an' it was a serious loss. I was ruggin' oot tree roots wi' her, an' she was an awfu' willin' beast. I had haen her at it a week on end, an' ae day when there was a terrible root to draw, an' she was tearin' wi' ilka nerve an' fibre in her body, didna she juist drap doon whar she stood, an' that was the hainmost o' her. But Elspet canna be dune! That wad be waure than the loss o' the mare yet. Ye see, doctor,' he continued earnestly, 'wi' me bein' seven year aulder than Elspet I had made up my mind that I was to slip awa' first; noo gin she's ta'en that upsets a' oor arrangements, which will never do.' Saunders looked at the doctor with an expression on his face betokening a much ill-used man.

'The tabernacle is done, Saunders; she will not leave that bed again till she leaves it for that narrow house, so make up your mind for that, and be kind to her as long as she is left to you, that you may have the less to regret afterwards.'

'Imphm, we'll see!' he answered sharply, and gazed across the valley. It was late autumn, and a glorious sunset dyed the sky crimson and gold, and the fir wood stood inky black around them. What Saunders's thoughts were as he watched the glories of fading day puzzled the doctor, who made a motion to depart.

'I must away, however, I shall call some day soon, but I can do nothing. Give her anything she has a fancy for. Good-bye. What an obdurate old villain Saunders is,' he said to himself, as he leaped from tuft to stone when crossing the plashy moor.

In outward appearance the doctor and Saunders Maclean were the antipodes of each other, the former being tall, thin, and delicate, with sharp features, keen blue eyes, and sandy hair; Saunders was thickset and burly, and black as a stump of the black oak he sometimes hauled from the depth of the bog, and as durable. The doctor would not be a long-lived man; eighty-two years had made little difference to Saunders except to make him slower in his movements. His health was untouched; he could not understand those who did not sleep at night; and if any could not eat he ascribed it to want of work. His face was dark, his eyes deep black with the glow in them still, and age had scarcely grizzled his locks. Shaggy eyebrows overhung his eyes, and his square-set, determined underjaw bespoke the man of iron will, while his great strength and endurance had enabled him to carry out most things he set his heart upon. He did not know what to be beaten was, and when he made up his mind that Elspet was to outlive him he would not readily let the arrangement be upset. He

looked after the retreating figure of the doctor fading among the brown hues of the moor and the shadows of the gathering evening till it was lost to view.

'An' he wad say Elspet 'll no' rise again,' he said, in mingled scorn and indignation; 'but she will rise, she will rise!' and his cry was like the cry of a stricken beast.

He walked quickly round the margin of the wood, ruminating. The forest circled round him like a finger and thumb about to meet, and his farm lay within the circle. Dr. Matthews had made his exit by a clearance where the tips almost met.

Fifty and odd years ago the ground that now grew turnips or lay in stubble had been a reedy fen, to which the snipe and heron resorted, and whither the wild duck brought her young. Around it grew tall firs and beeches, and underneath heather flourished along with rank grass. There the deer and the hare were at home, and there witches and the treacherous will-o'-the-wisp held their court. Now these doleful creatures had been driven before the plough into deeper depths of the forest; and the man a little over thirty years then was now the man above fourscore—and Elspet was not to rise any more!!

He gave an angry snort and strode across the turnips to his house. 'To say that Elspet 'll no' rise again!' he said hotly. 'I never had ony faith in Dr. Matthews' skill; she'll be her auld usual after she gets a gude rest, an' as for her no' risin' again, it's utter nonsense! Of course she'll rise.'

He strode into the kitchen, ready to quarrel with the broom if it should oppose his will, and said in a hard, strident voice to the girl who was getting his porridge ready, 'An' what does the doctor say about the gude wife, lassie?' But without waiting for a reply he entered the room where Elspet lay. It was dark except for the warm glow a peat fire cast through it, and when Saunders sat down by her bedside he took the thin hand, still rough with toil, from the coverlet on which it lay into his own rough palm, and said, 'Well, lassie, hoo are ye noo?' The tone of his voice was like a caress in its tenderness. He had called her 'lassie' fifty years ago, and to him she was a lassie yet. 'Wonderfu', just wonderfu', Saunders. I didna' think I culd hae haen the patience I hae to lie i' my bed wi' nae thing earthly the matter wi' me, except tire. I'm fairly dune'; and as she spoke her eyes sparkled in the dim light.

'Ay, that's just what the doctor said; he said ye were fairly dune. But ye'll be a' richt, Elspet, when ye get a rest,' and he pressed her hand to persuade her to get better. Elspet's heart beat as she returned the pressure. They had been married fifty years, and she knew Saunders loved her, but never by word or sign had he given expression to that love. Now she almost cried with joy, and felt a sudden wish to get better for his sake.

'Hoot, ay! Saunders!' she said merrily. 'Gin I had a day or two i' my bed, I'll be steppin' aboot as usual; but ye'll need to gang to your supper, for I smell the porridge.'

When he rose she detained his hand for a moment, and obeying some impulse of tenderness he kissed her, and fled from the room blushing like a girl.

Next morning, as soon as he heard her move, he was at her bedside, asking. 'An', Elspet, hoo are ye noo, an' what like a nicht hae ye haen?'

She had not closed an eye all night, but had not dared to move lest she should disturb him; and he had lain awake all night listening to her peaceful breathing, and ready to spring at her faintest cry.

'I'm wonderfu', Saunders; an' hae haen a very peacefu' nicht,' she said gently. Any other answer would have filled his day with pain.

'Imphm!' he chuckled with satisfaction. 'Ye'll sune be on your feet again, my leddy, feint a hair the faur o' this back-ca'. An' yet that haiverin' chield frae Glenbruar had the impudence to tell me ye were so sair dune that ye wad never rise again; but ye'll let him see anither o't, Elspet. Ye see thae waikdy Glen fouk may easily get turned ower; but he doesna ken us moorland bodies or he wadna crack as he does. Wi' us it's the auldeer the teucher.'

'Weel, I maun be gey teuch, Saunders, for I'm no' young noo.'

'Hoot, Elspet, dinna lie there an' haiver; ye're but a bairn compared wi' me. Wait till ye're ower the fourscore an' then crack aboot eld. But rest ye there an' get sune better, an' cheat the doctor for aince, while I mind the beasts.'

He did not stay more than an hour at a time from Elspet's bedside; and even when he was busy pulling the turnips or feeding the cattle and putting clean straw among their feet, his thoughts were with her; and his unshaken resolve was that 'she maun get better.'

After days of patient resting on her part, and very impatient waiting on his, Saunders saw that her face and hands got thinner, and that she looked older with each day. He came in from the fields at all seasons, and forced himself to talk merrily and hopefully, but he could not altogether hide the keen sorrow that was eating into his heart.

'Ye ken, Elspet,' he said after gazing longingly at her 'ye maun get better.' He was growing desperate.

'Ay, gin I had this tire aff me,' she said wearily. The long rest from the years of unbroken toil was a welcome thing to her, but she could not bear the thought of his anguish. His sorrow was the one thorn in her pillow.

'Ye see,' he said, half hopefully, 'the bed's the warst place o' a' for a body that has aye been stirrin'. Noo gin ye cud gather as muckle fashion as lat ye oot to smell the caller air, or gang the length o' the byre an' see the kye, the very breath o' them wad do ye gude; an' a glint o' the wid wi' the sheenin' on it wad put new life into ye, an' cheer the cockles o' your hairt as a' the drugs Dr. Matthews ever heard o' wadna do. Ye ken ye maun get better, gude wife.'

'I think ye're richt, Saunders; gin I culd get up an hour o' the day to begin wi', I micht rax oot the time bit by bit.'

'Ay, 'deed ay,' he returned hopefully; 'but I maun awa' to the neeps again.'

When Saunders had gone, Elspet knocked on the wall with a staff, and the servant girl appeared with a look of alarm on her face. It was the first time her mistress had summoned her.

'Will I run for the maister?' she said quickly.

'No, Jessie; come in bye; I want ye to help me on wi' my claes.

'But ye're no able; ye're wasted to a skeleton, an' as waik as a rashy wick; ye culdna stand on your ain legs though ye were on them.'

'Dinna stand there an 'threip wi' me, but do as I bid ye,' her mistress said sternly; and as the girl reluctantly sought out her clothes the dying woman's mood changed, and she said. 'Oh, Jessie, wumman, dinna ye see that Saunders is breakin' his hairt because I'm no' gettin' better; it's a' to please him, craitur! Dinna greet, like a lass: e'enin' brings a' hame as they say, an' its e'enin' wi' me, noo, though Saunders winna see it. If Saunders wad only mak' up his mind to thole the partin'! It winna be for lang!' She kept back the tears bravely.

A little later the girl ran up the field, and Saunders's heart smote him with a sudden dread.

'The mistress has gotten on her claes, an' wad like you to gie her a help across the door-stap, for she thinks a breath o' the caller air, an' a glint o' the corner o' the wid, wad do her gude,' she said breathlessly; and so sudden was the old man's change from fear to joy that he shouted aloud in his gladness and his cry ended in a husky whisper.

'Are ye weel rowed up, gude wife?' he asked, taking her in his arms.

'I'm just a bundle o' cloots,' she replied smiling.

'Ye would be gey ill afore ye culdna laugh,' he said proudly. 'Noo, then,' and he put his arm around her, and half carried, half led her to the door. 'Tak' ye a haud o' the ither arm, Jessie. We're no hurting ye, are we, Elspet?'

Very gently they bore the wasted form to the byre. 'I like the smell o' the kye,' she said faintly. 'Noo turn me round to see the wid, an' then I think I'll gae back to my bed. Ay the wid's bonny wi' the sun sheenin' on it; an' that's the robin's sang. Ay, tak' me in.' She closed her eyes and the two carried her off and put her to bed.

'She maun rise, she maun, she maun' Saunders cried vehemently, as he hurried up the field to the turnips, and he wiped the tears angrily from his eyes. 'She maun get better! She canna be ta'en awa' an' leave me here.' He was not accustomed to being thwarted, and could not reconcile himself to it.

'I dinna ken,' he reflected, 'but she's sair dune. Hae I driven her ower hard too? Ye see she was michty willi', an' wadna alloo that she kent what tire was; an' we hae torn an' wrought a' oor days. I wrought that mare dune, just wrought her till she fell deid, an' a finer or willin'er beast wasna to be gotten for love or money; an' I aye hae regretted that. But it'll be awfu' gin I hae wrought Elspet dune, puir thing. The hairst was sair on her, an' the tatie liftin' followin' on the heels o't has been ower muckle. If only rest wad do it—but she maun get better; she maun!'

In spite of himself he was forced to see she daily grew worse but nothing would make him admit she was dying. Instead of passing a few minutes at a time by his wife's bedside and devoting his energies to the cattle he now tended them as quickly as possible, and spent the remainder of his time with her.

He leaned fondly over her and stroked her face. 'Ye were aye gude-lookin', Elspet,' he said fondly, 'an' ye hae carried your gude-looks wi' ye. Ye are as bonny as the day I married ye. And my mither cam' anower, an' said to me, "Oh, Sandy, man, Elspet's the winsomest bride I hae cusen een on." Eh, but ye were bonny, Elspet, an' I think ye are bonnier than ever. Does my rough hand hurt your cheek?'

'It wad be a strange day when your hand hurt me, Saunders,' she said. And the old woman, whose hair had grown white and thin in her days of illness, looked comely indeed. A spotlessly white mutch took away from the pallor of her face, and her eyes glowed for a moment and then grew dim with tears.

'We hae haen a sair fecht, Elspet, you an' me, and yet we hae rizzon to be thankfu'. But I hae wrought ye ower sair; we shuld-no hae haen this hairst, it has been owevr muckle for ye, but wi' a rest ye'll get ower it yet, an' we'll no' fecht oorsel's dune again when we hae nae need.'

'We were best to fecht awa' as long as we were able, Saunders; we were aye accustomed to work an' ony ither thing wad never hae dune wi' us,' she said feebly.

'Ay, true, gude wife! an' there a gude deal of fecht in us baith yet!'

'Oh, Saunders, I'll fecht nae mair,' she said with a weary smile. 'I'm nae mair use.'

'Hoot, gude wife, dinna say that!'

'I'll never set fit on the hairst-rig again.'

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'Mebbe ay, an' mebbe no', but as lang as I hae you to come in an' crack to, an' tell ye a' my plans, what do I need mair? Ye are an awfu' help to me, Elspet, even i' your bed; an' I cuidna do withoot ye.' His hand caressed hers as though he could keep her from making her escape from him.

'Do ye mind when we ruggit the hainmost root oot o' the northmost field; an' hoo proud we were ,the twa o' us, when we walked round the fields an' saw oor first braird springin'! That's a gey while noo; well on to fifty-four year. Ye were young an' fleet then, Elspet,' he said still stroking her face and looking fondly at her.

'Ay,' she said, sighing wearily. 'An' yet it is like yesterday to look back.'

A faint tinge of color came into her cheek, and noticing it he said joyously, 'Sal, ye'll get better yet, Elspet; but you're no' to risk anither hairst, mind that!'

During the next few days she steadily sank; she could only whisper her replies to him, and he could scarcely control himself to speak. He sat by her bedside gazing wistfully into her eyes, stroking her cheek tenderly, and when his emotion was like to master him, turning to the window to hide it.

He had sat by her bedside in silence, listening to her breathing that was beginning to be labored; and wearied with nights of watching he had fallen asleep on the chair, and when he awoke all was still.

'Elspet,' he cried with a loud cry. The eyes opened languidly. A faint smile stole over her features as she rpcognized him. He had recalled her as she was quietly falling back into the dark shadow. 'Ye maun get better,' he said hoarsely. 'Ye kin I canna live without ye,' and he rushed distracted from the house.

He did not know where he went, but was brought to himself by hearing Dr. Matthews shout across the moor—

'Well, Saunders, how is Elspet keeping?'

'Keepin',' he shouted back, 'she's keepin' better; she maun get better. She's at her warst 1 noo, but she maun tak' the turn sune.'

'She will never rise again, Saunders,' Dr. Matthews said gravely.

'She will rise,' he answered furiously; 'she has been up an' oot; an' will be up an' oot again gin I'm spared.'

'No, Saunders, she has not been up and out,' the doctor returned emphatically.

'I tell ye she had her claes on, an' wi' my help an' the lassie's she travelled to the byre-door, and had a look o' the wid. An' what for no? She's no' dune in spite o' a' ye say; she's no' so near hand dune as I am. She has nae richt to be dune, I tell ye.' The old man's eyes flashed, and he walked quickly towards the house with the doctor.

'Well, if it is as you say——'

'As I say? Ye'll see her yoursel'; she's at her warst i' noo, an' will tak' a turn for the better sune. But she maun get ower this! She maun, I tell ye! A bonny like thing to leave me ahent, an' me a gude seven year aulder! Dinna mistak' yoursel', doctor, Elspet's to get better, mind that!'

Grief had made the old man eloquent and indignant; and when he reached the house he ushered his companion into the room with the words, 'It's the doctor, Elspet!'

There was a sigh from the bed. The doctor stepped quickly forward, and lifting the hand from the coverlet, held it for a moment in his own.

'Finis!' he cried softly, and, turning to the old man, who seemed not to understand what had taken place, he said, 'Elspet has just passed away!'

She was partly dressed. As she herself was entering into the shadow her last care had been the sorrow that was bowing her husband to the earth, her last effort, to breathe again the open air to comfort him, and she had succumbed in the effort.

Saunders stood like a monument. At last he lifted his hand reverently, and repeated, with an unfaltering voice,

'The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord!'

'Well, you are a cool husband,' the doctor said in amazement. 'However, as I am here I may as well get certain particulars for filling up the certificate of death. What was your wife's maiden name?'

'It was El——'

The word stuck in the old man's throat, and he fled from the room. In a few minutes he returned, and his lips were drawn tightly together.

'It was ——' He could not breathe that name and not cry out in his anguish. He walked side by side with the maiden of twenty again; he saw the shapely head with the clustering hair, and the tender grey eyes looking trustfully into his own; he heard anew the murmur of that voice whose music thrilled him, and, forgetful of everything but his own great love and sorrow, he tottered across the floor, knelt down at the bedside, took the hand of her whom he loved, and, devouring it with kisses, cried, 'Oh, Elspet, Elspet, Elspet! my ain Elspet!'

The doctor looked for a moment at the black heap bent in sorrow over the dead hand, and turned suddenly to the window. He put the pencil he held in his fingers between his teeth and bit it through. He looked out at the window. The woods hemmed in the fields, black and motionless; the sky was still. The room was filled with the wail of a soul in agony. The doctor waited a minute or two, then, lifting his hat, let himself out, and walked over the moor with bent head.

Saunders Maclean was beaten.

The Secret of Happiness.

(By the Duke of Argyll, in 'Good Words.')

Modern life is said to be more complicated than was the existence of our forefathers. It is said that the variety of occupations pursued by men nowadays is infinitely greater than of old. More happens to a man in one day—that is, he takes part in more transactions affecting others than himself than his ancestors undertook or met with in a year. The growth of cities, the comparative scarcity of people, in country districts, makes a greater number of people concerned in matters which touch many others besides themselves. This is true; but it may be doubted whether even in simple country life there be not just as many occasions for doing on a small scale good or evil to neighbors and others with whom men may be brought in contact.

I remember in a quiet part of the world there was a game of croquet played, and six persons were with difficulty got together to play the game. The local clergyman was one of them. He had not seen so many as six persons amusing themselves together for a long time, and he innocently exclaimed, 'Oh, what a brilliant scene!' Yet it is sad to say that in that 'brilliant scene' one of the six persons playing croquet was seen to be decidedly cheating, by doing something not allowed in the game when (I will not say whether it was a he or she) thought that the rest were not looking. It might have been different if the one in fault had really thought it a matter of 'honor' not to do that which he or she did, but the occurrence proved that in the simplest and most remote parts 'honor' was not specially honored.

When was the oath or affirmation 'Upon mine honor' first introduced? Honor may then have only meant fame or reputation, whether that reputation was well or ill-earned. Of course, everybody wants to make everyone else suppose that his reputation is as high as true excellence can grow or keep alive. When a man has no repute, he is not likely to be trusted to 'get on well' with his fellow-men. So that what the French call 'prestige' is a very real article of value.

'Upon my soul!' was more the equivalent expression used when honor was not spoken of. 'Upon my soul' meant that his spirit might suffer if he did not speak the truth. It was to impress men that the oath-taker took it as taken in the sight of God, and at the peril of his soul if he told anything false.

High as we hold honor, we do not usually actually regard it as a heavenly thing. But so indeed it is. It is only because it is so often of the earth, earthy, that we do not raise it higher in our speech and sense. It should mean the real dignity and worth of a man in his communion with other men, and in so much as that depends on his absolute integrity and goodness it may be regarded as God's gift. A man of faultless honor comes up to the highest ideal, though he be not clothed in any special theological garment any more than the 'naked truth.'

Honor cannot deceive. It cannot lie. It cannot break a promise given. Good-faith is its motto. It is like a good knight pledged to ride a straight course against Fraud, mounted on the strong charged named Truth. Yet in its essence it is for time only, and for our lifetime's conduct. Man was not made to live alone, and it is only through honor that he and his may dwell happily together.

Manliness has the virtue we are speaking of, for manliness despises ease at the cost of self-respect. But the virtue can be seen not only in the usual form when used about the 'weaker sex,' but in every act of woman's life. With her also, as with man, a word given cannot be broken without loss of self-respect.

Francis I., after he lost his army, his guns, and camp at Pavia, wrote, 'All is lost but honor.' It has a fine sound, this quality which all men have loved, if not by the same name, yet meaning the same thing. Truth is said to have fallen, a great crystal from heaven, and that in striking the earth the crystal burst into a thousand fragments, and people caught up the pieces, so each has a little fragment of truth now. And so with honor. If it be not of the essence of the Eternal, it is at least a mirror of the Divine goodness, struck into many fragments, some soiled with human misunderstandings and misuse, yet containing in each shred and morsel something of the Divine. One particle put into the matter of our daily transactions each with the other may keep our doings bright and faithful. Each may help us to rid the dealings of the day of meanness and trickery. Honor can banish double-dealing. Honor can build up the character of a man, and do much to make a nation stronger. It allays suspicion. It gives confidence. It builds up commerce because it grants security. Interpreted aright, it is a message from God, Whose noblest and supreme work is an honorable work in an honorable man.

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Faithfulness Rewarded.

It is said that Josiah Quincy was at one time conversing with Daniel Webster upon the importance of doing even the smallest thing thoroughly and well, when the great man related an incident concerning a petty insurance case which was brought to him while a young lawyer. The fee promised was only twenty dollars. Yet, to do his client full justice, Webster found he must journey to Boston and consult the law library. This involved the expense of about the amount of his fee, but, after hesitating a little, he decided to go to Boston, and consult the authorities, let the cost be what it might. He gained the case. Years after this Webster was passing through the city of New York. An important insurance case was to be tried that day, and one of

the counsel had been suddenly prostrated by illness. Money was no object, and Webster was asked to name his terms and conduct the case.

'It is preposterous,' he said, 'to expect me to prepare a legal document at a few hours' notice.'

But when they insisted that he should look at the papers, he consented.

It was his old twenty dollar case over again, and, having a remarkable memory, he had all the authorities in his mind, and he took the case and won it. The court knew he had had no time for preparation, and was astonished at the skill with which he handled the case.

'So, you see,' said Webster, as he concluded, 'I was handsomely paid. both in fame and money, for that journey to Boston.'

Faithfulness in little things brings rule over great things. Faithfulness in the least leads to faithfulness in the most. Faithfulness on earth gives us a place with him over the earth. Faithfulness unto death wins the crown of life.—'Word and Work.'

How Small Christians Amuse Themselves.

(The Rev. Dr. Torrey, in the 'Sunday School Times.')

Young people need recreation. Our Saviour does not frown upon wholesome recreation. He was interested in the games of the children when He was here upon earth. He watched the children at their play (Matt. xi., 16-19), and he watches the children at their play to-day, and delights in their play when it is wholesome and elevating. In the stress and strain of modern life older people, too, need recreation if they are to do their very best work. But there are recreations that are wholesome, and there are amusements that are pernicious. It is impossible to take up amusements one by one, and it is unnecessary. A few principles can be laid down.

1. Do not indulge in any form of amusement about whose propriety you have any doubts. Whenever you are in doubt, always give God the benefit of the doubt. There are plenty of recreations about which there can be no question. 'He that doubteth is condemned . . . whatsoever is not of faith is sin' (Rom. xiv., 23). Many a Christian will say, 'I am not sure that this amusement is wrong.' Are you sure it is right? If not, leave it alone.

2. Do not indulge in any amusement that you cannot engage in to the glory of God. Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God' (I. Cor. x., 31). Whenever you are in doubt as to whether you should engage in any amusement, ask yourself, Can I do this at this time to the glory of God?

3. Do not engage in any amusement that will hurt your influence with anybody. There are amusements which perhaps are all right in themselves, but which we cannot engage in without losing our influence with some one. Now every true Christian wishes his life to tell with everybody to the utmost. There is so much to be done, and so few to do it, that every Christian desires every last ounce of power for good that he can have with everybody. If any amusement will injure your influence for good with any one, the price is too great; do not engage in it. Whether justly or unjustly, the world discounts the professions of those Christians who indulge in certain forms of the world's own amusements. We cannot afford to have our professions thus discounted.

4. Do not engage in any amusement that you cannot make a matter of prayer, that you cannot ask God's blessing upon. Pray before you play just as you would pray before you work.

5. Do not go to any place of amusement where you cannot take Christ with you, and where you do not think Christ would feel at home. Christ went to places of mirth when he was here upon earth. He went to the marriage feast in Cana (John ii), and contributed to the joy of the occasion, but there are many modern places of amusement where Christ would not be at home. Would the atmosphere of the modern stage be congenial to that holy One whom we call 'Lord'? If it would not, don't you go.

6. Do not engage in any amusement that you would not like to be found enjoying if the Lord should come. He may come at any moment. Blessed is that one whom, when he cometh, he shall find watching and ready, and glad to open to him immediately (Luke xii., 36, 43). I have a friend who was one day walking down the street thinking upon theh return of his Lord. As he thought, he was smoking a cigar. The question came to him, 'Would you like to meet Christ now with that cigar in your mouth?' He answered honestly, 'No, I would not.' He threw that cigar away and never lighted another.

7. Do not engage in any amusemeat, no matter how harmless it would be for yourself, that might harm some one else. Take, for example, card playing. It is probable that thousands have played cards moderately all their lives and never suffered any direct moral injury from it. but every one who has studied the matter knows that cards are the gamblers' chosen tools. He also knows that most gamblers, if not all, took their first lessons in card-playing at the quiet family card-table. He knows that, if a young man goes out into the world knowing how to play cards and indulging at all in this amusement, before long he is likely to be put into a place where he is going to be asked to play cards for money, and if he does not consent, he will get into serious embarrassment. Card-playing is a dangerous amusement for the average young man. It is pretty sure to lead to gambling on a larger or a smaller scale, and one of the most crying social evils of our time is the evil of gambling. Some young man may be encouraged to play cards by your playing who will afterwards become a gambler, and part of the responsibility will lie at your door. If I could repeat all the stories that have come to me from the broken hearted men whose lives have been shipwrecked at the gaming table, if I could tell of all the broken-hearted mothers who have come to me, some of them in high positions, whose sons have committed suicide, ruined by cards, I think that all thoughtful and true Christians would give them up forever.

For most of us, the recreations that are most helpful are those that demand a considerable outlay of physical energy, recreations that take us into the open air, recreations that leave us refreshed in body and invigorated in mind. Physical exercise of the strenuous kind, but not over-exercise, is one of the great safeguards of the moral conduct of boys and young men. There is real health for the body and for the soul in a due amount of exercise.

A Russian Fable.

A peasant was one day driving some geese to a neighboring town where he hoped to sell them. He had a long stick in his hand; and, to tell the truth, he did not treat his flock of geese with much consideration. I do not blame him, however; he was anxious to get to the market in time to make a profit; and not only geese, but men, must expect to suffer, if they hinder gain.

The geese however, did not look on the matter in this light; and, happening to meet a traveller walking along the road they poured forth their complaints against the peasant who was driving them.

'Where can you find geese more unhappy than we are? See how this peasant is hurrying on this way, and that, and driving us just as though we were only common geese. Ignorant fellow as he is, he never thinks how he is bound to honor and respect us; for we are the distinguished descendants of those very geese to whom Rome once owed its salvation, so that a festival was established in their honor. '

'But for what do you expect to be distinguished yourself?' asked the traveller.

'Because of our ancestors'—

'Yes, I know; I have read all about it. What I want to know is what good have you yourselves done?'

'Why, our ancestors saved Rome.'

'Yes, yes; but what have you done of the kind?'

'We? Nothing.'

'Of what good are you then? Do leave your ancestors at peace. They were honored for their deeds; but you, my friends, are only fit for roasting'—'Presbyterian Witness.'

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The Daughters of the Moon.

A Story for Children.

(Translated from the Hungarian by Caroline Corner-Ohlmutz, in 'Good Words.')

Once upon a time, when lamps and candles were not known, and all there was to light the night was the beautiful Moon, the three daughters living up there got tired of knitting and spinning, and began to wonder what sort of place that little dark earth must be.

'Let us go and see,' suggested the eldest.

But as they knew it was not permitted they determined to glide gently down the moonbeams some fine, warm night unknown to their father, the Moon.* This they did, and so pleased were they with the grassy meadows and the forests and winding streams, that they wandered about the whole night picking flowers and singing songs. Not a person did they meet. All were asleep, as they should have been, only that they were disobedient.

It was nearly dawn when they grew weary, and glad to return on the last moonbeam, which was faint in color and hard to find.

'Heigho! It was all very fine, but lonely, all those fields and forests, and not a soul to be seen!' said the eldest, as up, up they went.

'Well, yes, to be sure. I've had enough of roaming,' said the second. 'It does become lonesome.'

'Lonesome! Yes. Let us find some earth-people to talk to,' said the third, whose own voice was beautiful as a harp.

'A good idea!' chorused the other two. 'That would be enjoyable, and make the time fly. There must be some nice people on the earth.'

So next evening, as soon as the silvery ladders were lowered to earth, down they went, these three beautiful daughters of the Moon, saying, all three at once:

'Please, take us to some people, dear Moonbeam!' And, in answer, after a while they found themselves at the door of a little hut just on the border of a huge forest.

When the eldest stepped forward and knocked, the door was opened by a queer-looking old man —the hermit of the forest.

'Well,' said he, 'I am glad to see you, whoever you may be, for I am an old man, and can't chop the wood as I used to do. You are young, and shall do it for me. Now begin and earn your supper, girls.'

Nothing was there for it but to do as the old man said. So they chopped and chopped till the very last moonbeam was all but fading into the dawn. Such a load of

*The moon is masculine in Hungarian and German.

wood had they chopped, and so tired were they, that they were glad to go home.

'Earth-people are not such very agreeable creatures, after all,' said the eldest, a lovely girl with a face like a silvery chrysanthemum.

'My arm aches so I can scarcely lift it,' said the second, who was like a beautiful piece of sculpture. 'And that beard of his was hideous! Wrrh!' she added, shuddering.

'Another time we'll make acquaintance with people who have no ugly beards.'

'And no cracked old voices,' spoke up the youngest, whose voice was like music.

The next evening, therefore, they made this bargain with the moonbeam, and after traveling some long while, they found themselves at the gates of a kingly palace, where they were received by the Prince, the King's son, himself.

To be sure, the Prince did not ask them to chop wood; he seemed highly pleased with their society. To amuse them, he escorted them to the palace roof, where they laughed and chatted as young people love to do.

The girls were just thinking what a nice playmate they had found, when a loud, angry voice called to the Prince, and asked him what he meant by making such a noise.

It was the old King woke up.

'Come down at once!' he cried, in a fury.

At this the Moon's daughters got terrified, and ran away. Even the Prince was afraid, for he knew what was in store for him.

'Well, there are some pleasant people on this little earth,' said the eldest, seated on the moonbeam. 'I did enjoy myself until—'

'I never enjoyed myself so much in my life until——' said the second.

'Oh, that charming Prince! How I should like to be his bride and talk to him all day!' said the youngest. 'How happy I was until——'

Always 'until'!

They could scarcely restrain their impatience. It seemed the silver ladder would never be lowered next day. But it was at last, and the three girls took their places, and in time found themselves again at the palace.

Alas! the Prince was there, but now tears shone in his eyes.

'I am very sad,' said he. 'The King has forbidden me to keep company with you. I must be content with my bride—an ugly old Princess! Whoo!' And he wept.

The sisters looked at one another, and all three began to weep, too. The hours were full of sadness now; no more fun, no more laughter, no more gladness. All the earth seemed full of sorrow. And so, with heavy hearts and swollen eyes, they went home.

Their cup of sorrow was not full yet, however. The solemn old Moon, their father, awaited them with a dark frown.

'So,' said he, and a heavy black cloud passed over his face— 'so here you are, disobedient daughters! Not content with your own home, you must wander and get me, as well as yourselves, into trouble. Now you may go, if you will be undutiful; only don't blame me, nor anybody but yourselves.'

He is a very severe father, the Moon.

They wept and wept until next evening, when the silvery ladder was lowered again. Then 'Come,' said the eldest, 'let us go again.' And the others followed.

But this time the moonbeam set them down in the heart of a dense forest, so dense that not a ray of heaven's light could pierce the thick foliage, nor a moonbeam enter in.

It was dark—dark as midnight—always dark, even at midday, on this part of the earth, and not a creature to be seen! Although in the far, far distance they heard the Prince playing mournfully his pipe, so mournfully, for he was a solitary wanderer, too, having disobeyed the command of his father, the King.

Hence all must wander without light, without rest. And this is why in that great forest of the Carpathians light never enters in, and people who wander there lose their way; and the only sound to be heard is the mournful rustle of leaves and the sad sighing of the breeze, though some do say it is the Prince with his pipe playing ever the same mournful dirge to the sighing of the wandering daughters of the Moon.

Drummond's Homily on Driving.

The Rev. Silvester Horne regards Henry Drummond as the best preacher to the young he ever heard, and he considers the following one of his best stories:

'I have never forgotten it,' he said, in a recent sermon, 'because of the half-whimsical way in which he used to tell the introduction. A lady called him in to speak to her coachman, who had given way to drink, and Henry Drummond said he did not like to be called in like this to be asked to argue with people of a sudden and try to cure their souls, but he felt it was a case demanding Christian intervention, so he plucked up his courage and went out to talk to the man. And he put the problem to him, 'Suppose you were on the box and your horses ran away down-hill, and you lost all control over them, what would you do?'

'"Oh," said the man, "I could do nothing."

'"Yes," said Drummond, "but supposing there were someone sitting by your side stronger than you, who could control them, what would you do?"

'"Oh," he said, "I would hand him the reins, sir."

'"Ah," said Drummond, "your life has run away with you, your appetites and passions, and lusts are carrying you downhill, and you in your own strength cannot control your life. But, man," he said, "believe me, there is One at your side stronger than you, who offers to take control of your life and make it what it should be. What will you do?"

'And the man, seeing the point, said, "Sir, I will give Him the reins."

'I say to you what Drummond said, "Thank God there is One at your side, the Son of God, who not only can, but will, drive the chariot of your life in perfect safety. Young man, young woman, give Him the reins, give him charge of your life, ask Him to teach you how to rule your spirit, lay His strong arms along your own, and then drive the chariot of your life straight and safe until the goal is reached. May God grant it to us all. Amen.'—'Good Words.'

The Courage of Punctuality.

The courage of time is punctuality. When there is a hard piece of work to be done, it is pleasanter far to sit at ease for the present and put off the work. 'The thousand nothings of the hour' claim our attention. The coward yields to 'their stupefying power,' and the great task remains forever undone. The brave man brushes these conflicting claims into the background, stops his ears until the sirens' voices are silent, stamps on his feelings as though they were snakes in his path, and does the thing now which ever after he will rejoice to have done. In these crowded modern days, the only man who 'finds time' for great things is the man who takes it by violence from the thousands of petty, local, temporary claims and makes it serve the ends of wisdom and justice.

There are three places where one may draw the line for getting a piece of work done. One man draws it habitually a few minutes or hours or days after it is due. He is always in distress and a nuisance to everybody else.

It is very risky—ethically speaking, it is cowardly—to draw the line at the exact date when the work is due; for then one is at the mercy of any accident or interruption that may overtake him at the end of his allotted time. If he is sick or a friend dies, or unforeseen complications arise, he is as badly off as the man who deliberately planned to be late and almost as much to blame. For a man who leaves the possibility of accident and interruption out of account and stakes the welfare of himself and of others on such miscalculation, is neither wise nor just; he is reckless rather than brave. Even if accidents do not come, he is walking on the perilous edge all the time; his work is done in a fever of haste and anxiety, injurious alike to the quality of the work and the health of the worker.

The man who puts the courage of punctuality into his work will draw the line for finishing a piece of work a safe period inside the time when it is actually due. If one forms the habit and sticks to it, it is no harder to have work done ten days, or at least one day ahead of time than to finish it at the last allowable minute. Then, if anything happens, it does no harm. This habit will save literary workers an incalculable amount of anxiety and worry. And it is the wear and tear of worry and hurry, not the amount of calm, quiet work, that kills such men before their time.

I am aware that orderliness and punctuality are not usually regarded as forms of courage. But the essential element of all courage is in them—the power to face a disagreeable present in the interest of desirable permanent ends. They are far more important in modern life than the courage to face bears or bullets. They underlie the more spectacular forms of courage. The man who cannot reduce to order the things that are lying passively about him and endure the petty pains incidental to doing hard things before the sheer lapse of time forces him to action, is not the man who will be calm and composed when angry mobs are howling about him, or who will go steadily on his way when greed and corruption, hypocrisy and hate, are arrayed to resist him. For, whether in the quiet of a study and the routine of an office or in the turmoil of a riot or a strike, true courage is the ready and steadfast acceptance of whatever pains are incidental to securing the personal and public ends that are at stake.—President Hyde, in 'The College Man and the College Woman.'

FINE FLAGS FREE.

A premium you seldom get. Best Wool Bunting, will wear for years. For particulars apply to

FLAG DEPARTMENT.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,

'Witness Block,' Montreal.

A Missionary Hen.

The following inscription is placed on a stone in what was formerly a parsonage garden at Falfield, which marks the spot where a hen was buried:

'Here lies Tedman's Missionary Hen
Her contributions Four Pound Ten
Although she's dead the work goes on
As she has left seven daughters and a son
To carry on the work that she begun.'

—'Baptist.'

What Some Bright Boys Are Doing.

'All that other boys can do,
Why, with promptness, may not you?'

Boys all over the Dominion are sending in for the 'Canadian Pictorial' to sell for watches, fountain pens and jackknives, and many of them are already proudly showing these premiums to their schoolmates.

One boy in Colborne, Ont., says: 'People buy them as quick as I can hand them out.'

Another in the city of London, Ont., says: 'Papers to hand, and sold readily at sight. Everyone delighted, including myself.'

We have enough watches, or pens, or knives to send one to every boy who reads the Boys' Page, and we have not heard from all yet.

Read advertisements elsewhere, and let us hear from you at once.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School.

LITTLE FOLKS

Suppose

'Suppose a little child should say,
'Because I'm not a man,
I will not try, in work or play,
To do what good I can!'
Dear child, each star some light can give,
Though gleaming faintly there;
Each rose-leaf helps the plant to live,
Each dew-drop keeps it fair!'
—Wait.

Floss and the Fox.

Floss was a big yellow cat, one of the many pets in my country home. One summer we noticed that day after day Floss went down across the meadow and disappeared in the edge of the cedar swamp. He always went in late afternoon, and one day I followed him, taking care he should not see me. He skirted the swamp for several rods, stopped at a little open, and, seating himself on a stump, began washing his face, stopping now and then to glance about in expectant fashion.

Shortly there was a rustling among the bushes, and a handsome yellow fox leaped into the open. Then the fun began.

Floss and the fox played at tag as gayly as two children. Floss was always the 'tagger,' and the fox ran this way and that and doubled and dodged in so comical a manner that once I laughed outright, whereupon they stopped their play and stood for a moment listening. Then Floss went back to the stump, and the fox lay down on the grass. After a few minutes' rest they were up at it again.

For half an hour I watched them from my hiding place behind a clump of cedars, until Floss was quite exhausted.

The fox was untiring, but Floss was not so nimble and was very fat.

About sundown they separated, Floss walking slowly toward home and the fox swinging off toward the nearby stream at a brisk trot.

I hurried to overtake Floss, but he seemed much frightened when he saw me and ran into the swamp. He did not come home until next morning, and never again did we see him crossing the meadow or find him playing with his wild comrade.—Our Four-footed Friend.

The Wind-Elves.

What it was started them, who can tell?
But, out of a cloud's black cave,
They rushed with a furious shout, pellmell.
Like the charge of an army brave.

They beat at the casement that trembled sore,
They scampered the grasses through,
They tangled the vines, and the reeds they tore,
And then—what did they do?

The vanes on the steeples they dizzy made,
Each spun, like an airy top;
They twisted the boughs in the summer glade
Till the leaflets were glad to drop.
—'Little Folk's Annual.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

Gerald's Visit to the Sea.

(Sarah Brine, in 'Our Little Dots.')

When Mamma took Gerald to the seaside she bought him a little spade and pail and took him to the sands. Gerald clapped his hands with delight, and when he saw what other little children were doing with their spades, he began to do the same.

Nurse used to sit nursing baby while Gerald built castles and did all sorts of funny things.

One day he ran to nurse saying, 'There is such a poor little boy over there, and he has no spade or pail. I have two pennies, may I buy a spade and pail for him?' Nurse said 'Yes,' so Gerald bought a penny spade, and a penny pail, and gave them to the little boy.

When Mamma heard about it she said, 'I am glad you did that, because the dear Lord Jesus likes us to make people happy.'

Nurse kept him out as long as she could every day, and when he went home at the end of a month everyone said that he had grown quite a big boy.

Table Manners in Rhyme.

It is so hard for the little folks to be polite and orderly at meals, and they so often forget the rules with which father and mother try to help them to be gentlemanly and lady-like that it would perhaps be a good thing for children who are troubled in this way to commit to memory these rhyming rules:—

In silence I must take my seat,
And give God thanks before I eat;
Must for my food in patience wait
Till I am asked to hand my plate;
I must not scold, nor whine, nor pout,
Nor move my chair nor plate about;
With knife, or fork, or napkin ring
I must not play—nor must I sing;
I must not speak a useless word—
For children must be seen—not heard.
I must not talk about my food,
Nor fret if I don't think it good;
My mouth with food I must not crowd,
Nor while I'm eating speak aloud;
Must turn my head to cough or sneeze,

And when I ask, say 'if you please;'
The tablecloth I must not spoil,
Nor with my food my fingers soil;
Must keep my seat when I have done,
Nor round the table sport or run;
When told to rise, then I must put
My chair away with noiseless foot,
And lift my heart to God above
In praise for all His wondrous love.
—'Dominion Presbyterian.'

The Partners.

(Felix Leigh, in the London 'Daily News.')

The Beetle kept a dewdrop stall,
But no one came to buy,
'It's very queer, indeed,' remarked
The big Bluebottle Fly.
'But just look here—your partner, sir,
I'm willing to become;
With me to help, I think you'll find
That we shall make things hum!'

Between the Beetle and the Fly
Arrangements soon were made,
And presently the stall began
To do a famous trade.
'Oh, yes,' the Beetle now explains,
To friends who pass that way,
'Since Mr. Bottle joined the firm
We're "buzzy" all the day!'

Howard and the Policeman.

(Alice Church Brown, in 'Christian Register.')

Howard is a little boy five years old. He has big blue eyes, which can look very innocent when he has been naughty. And he is not very fond of policemen; in fact, he is very much afraid of them.

One beautiful afternoon in Spring Howard's mother told his sister Dora to take him for a walk, so they both could get the air. As she had not told them where to go, Dora decided upon Wood Island, a sort of park in the outskirts of the city. On the way they met a friend of Dora's, Beth Hamilton, and, as she had nothing in particular to do, she consented to go with them.

The air was balmy, and, as the children walked along, they chatted merrily. The two girls could talk so much faster than Howard that the little fellow could not get in a word edgewise. So he did not enjoy the walk as much as the girls did.

On the way to the park the children had to cross a railway track. When they reached this place, they found that an engine was puffing to and fro right where they wanted to cross. It was not until they were pretty well frightened and about fifteen minutes had passed that they at last got across.

'My! but wasn't that a narrow escape?' said Dora in a frightened voice.

'Oh, lots of worse things have happened,' replied her friend, trying to look unconcerned, although her face was rather white. 'Why,' said she, 'a girl came here once with me, and a man chased us all the way home.' Dora and Howard looked over their shoulders, half expecting to see a man running after them. Even when she saw no one following, Dora involuntarily quickened her pace, and they finally reached the park safe and sound.

In the park was a sort of outdoor gymnasium. Near this was an outbuilding and a place to get rubbers checked while one is skating.

When the children neared this part of the park. Dora said, 'Beth, do you know on which days the gym is open for girls?' But Beth's answer was cut short by Howard's frightened cry, 'Look, Dora, here comes a policeman!' and he got behind his sister. As she was rather thin, she was not very much protection to fat little Howard. But he clung to her skirts for dear life. As the policeman drew near, Howard poked his head under Dora's arm and gazed with fascinated terror at him. The policeman walked slowly past, totally unconscious of the sensation he was causing. Howard was very much surprised as well as relieved when the man passed out of sight without touching him.

After Dora and Beth had stopped laughing over Howard's fright, Beth said she did not know when the gym was open, but offered to enquire of the old woman who stayed in the outbuilding. She had been gone four or five minutes on this errand, and Howard was watching the sailboats in the harbor, when another policeman came up the path behind him. It was too late to dive behind his sister, so he shut his eyes in silent despair, when—'Hello! my little man!' said a cheery voice. Howard opened his blue eyes wide: it was the policeman who had spoken. The big man chucked the little man under the chin and walked on.

That was the end of Howard's fear of policemen. He walked on air for the rest of the day, for the policeman had called him a 'little man.'

A Laugh in Church.

She sat on the sliding cushion,
The dear, wee woman of four;
Her feet in their shiny slippers,
Hung dangling over the floor.
She meant to be good; she had promised;
And so, with her big, brown eyes,
She stared at the meeting-house windows,
And counted the crawling flies.

She looked far up at the preacher,
But she thought of the honey bees
Droning away at the blossoms
That whitened the cherry trees
She thought of a broken basket,
Where, curled in a dusky heap,
Three sleek, round puppies, with fringing ears,
Lay snuggled and fast asleep.

Such soft, warm bodies to cuddle,
Such queer little hearts to beat,
Such swift, round tongues to kiss with,
Such sprawling, cushiony feet;
She could feel, in her clasping fingers,
The touch of the satiny skin,
And a cold, wet nose exploring
The dimples under her chin.

Then a sudden ripple of laughter
Ran over the parted lips,
So quick that she could not catch it
With her rosy finger tips.
The people whispered, 'Bless the child!'
As each one waked from a nap,
But the dear wee woman hid her face,
For shame in her mother's lap.
—Selected.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Nov. it is time that renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Correspondence

L., Que.

Dear Editor,—I have now taken the 'Messenger' for nearly two years, and think it a splendid paper. I have one brother and one sister. For pets I have a pony named Jack, two dogs, Dixie and Duke, and a cat and a kitten named Togo and Blackie, a bird named Dickie, and twenty-nine chickens.

I go to school and am in the fourth class. Here are a few riddles:—

1. What table has no legs to stand upon?
2. When was beef the highest?
3. What is the smallest bridge in the world?
4. What is the first thing a man sets in his garden?
5. What is it that we often return but never borrow?

EILEEN BROWN (aged 12).

[We can never give the addresses of correspondents, Eileen, that is a definite rule.—Ed.[

P., Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have never seen a letter from P., I thought I would write a few lines. My brother takes the 'Messenger' and 'Canadian Pictorial.' I go to school nearly every day, and in the junior fourth class. I am sending some riddles:—

1. How much dirt could be taken out of a hole four feet long, two feet wide, and two feet deep?

2. A man had a goose, fox, and a sack of oats on one side of a river, and wanted to take them across. If he took the fox first, the goose would eat the oats, and if he took the oats first the fox would eat the goose. He could only take one at a time, so how could it be done?

P. CHALMERS.

U. P., N.S.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I like to read it very much. I go to school, and am in the Fourth Reader. I have two sisters and two brothers. My baby brother was three months old on Sunday, the 7th. We go to school every day. We have quite a large Sunday School, and hold it in the hall, while our church is being repaired. It will be like a new church when it is reopened. I will be eight years old the thirteenth of this month. I thank you very much for the Maple Leaf pin sent me as a premium. We have a little dog, his name is Togo. My papa goes away every summer to the States. We look for him home at Christmas.

IVA SNOW.

M.R., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I like to read the 'Messenger' very much, and am very much interested in the drawings. I go to school, and like my teacher very much. I am in the Third Book. The answer to Dalton Brooke's riddle is Elizabeth, Elspet, Betsy and Bess, are all one name for it is one person, and if she took one egg, of course there would be four left.

C. A. STEPHENS.

C.B., P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—As I have never seen a letter in the 'Messenger' from C. B., I thought I would write one. We live on a farm, and have two horses, four cows, three calves, and three little pigs. We have an orchard consisting of about eighty nice trees. I go to school, and am in the senior fifth class. Our teacher's name is Oscar R., and we all like him very much.

LOUIS H. D. HARRIS (aged 12).

A., Mont.

Dear Editor,—The 'Messenger' comes to me regularly. I have taken it ever since the first of this year, and know I would miss it if it should stop coming to me.

I go to school, which is about a block from home. I am in the first part of the seventh grade. The Public Schools here have eight grades, and four years of High School. Each grade has two parts to it, requiring half a year to go through each.

I am ten years old, and will be eleven on the fifth of December. I enjoy reading the 'Messenger' very much. My new one came to-day. It arrives here every Monday morning.

I made some fruit jellies this year, which turned out quite well for my first attempt.

We had a splendid county fair this year. It lasted for four days in September. All the exhibits were splendid.

I will send some riddles:—

1. What word leaves Andy after taking one letter from it. The answer must be a proper name.

2. As I looked out of my kickelty, pickelty, wifelty stifelty, I saw short neck run away with long neck. What was each of these things?

GRACE MATHEWSON.

C., N.S.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I have only taken it a short time, but I like it very much.

I cannot go to school, for I have been laid up for a year, and cannot walk yet. I have two brothers and one sister living. My papa and two sisters are dead.

I think the answer to Lillian E. Taylor's riddle is an egg.

JEAN LECK.

S. R., Man.

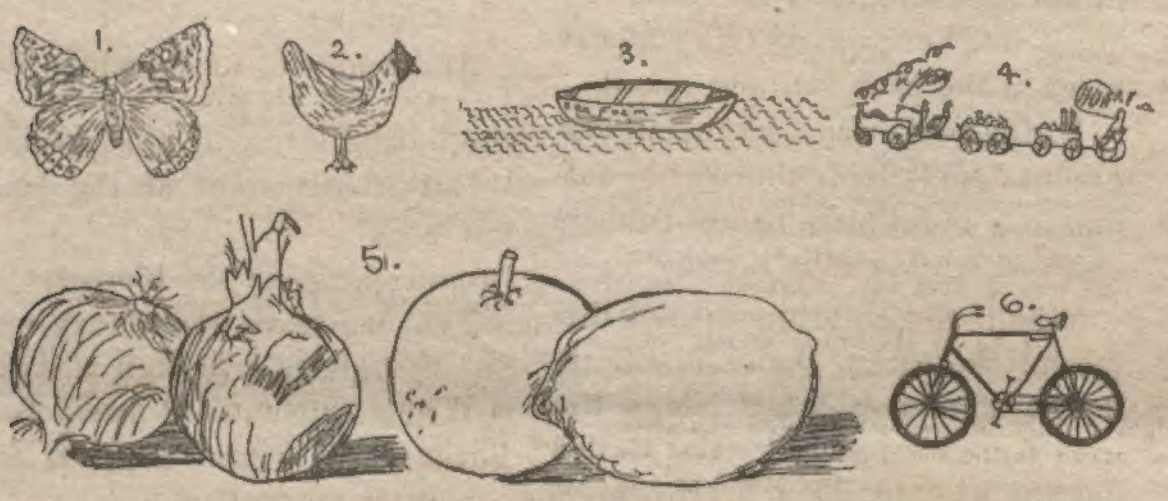
Dear Editor,—I am fourteen years old. We used to live in Ontario, in the town of Sundridge. We moved here seven years ago. We have been taking the 'Messenger' for nearly a year. One of my dear aunties from Ontario sends it to me, and we all enjoy reading it very much. I have only two brothers, and one little sister now. Two years ago my father died, and nine months from that my oldest brother died, he was fifteen years old. We miss them very much. We are on a farm, six miles from S. R.

FRANCES C. COOKE.

C., Alta.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' just eleven years, and like it very much. I think it is the nicest paper I have ever seen. I go to day school in C., and like it very much. I have a little pony; his name is Jimmie. I have no brothers or sisters, and am very lonesome when I miss school a day. I will answer Emma Reesor's riddle: What is that which Adam never saw, never possessed, and yet gave two to each of his children?—Answer: Parents.

LOTTIE COOKER.



OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Butterfly.' Clay Taylor (aged 5), C., N.S.
2. 'My Hen.' Lillian Taylor, C., N.S.
3. 'Row-boat.' Hartley Currie (aged 11), H., Ont.
4. 'Train.' Allan Bigger, R., Man.
5. 'Onions, Apple, and Lemon.' Thomas R. MacKay, L.B., N.S.
6. 'Bicycle.' Wesley Bigger, R., Man.

OTHER LETTERS.

Pansy Forsyth, U., Ont., writes a short letter answering correctly Murray Palmer's riddle—'Your Father,' and the 'Ram's Horn' riddle—'Romans.' Your other answer is wrong, Pansy.

Sidney F. Gordon, K., Que., answers Jessie Robb's riddle about the thimble and asks this—What is it which joins two people yet only touches one?

'Wildflower,' from Gaspe Basin, Que., answers Frederic C. E.'s first riddle—'Mississippi,' and his third—'Leeks,' also Katie MacKenzie's—'A pear.'

Edith McDonald, H.C., N.S., answers Dalton Brooke's riddle, and says that she has seven brothers and two sisters, not many are as fortunate as that. The riddle you send has been already asked, Edith.

Donald A. McDonald, O.B., Man., is half-past eight. He answers Rosebud's riddle correctly as 'A needle,' and sends in this question: What has a nose yet cannot smell? Edna Robinson, O., Man., has had something interesting to watch this summer, for a track has been surveyed across one of their home fields, she says.

Grace M. Kerr, B., N.B., answers two Bible questions, and sends in these riddles:

1. How many daughters has Uncle Sam?
2. What color is grass in the winter?
3. From a word of five letters take two and leave one.

Mabel E. Crossman, C., Alb., answers the question as to which key is the hardest to turn by saying it is a donkey. She also sends in these questions:

1. When is a piece of wood like an emperor?
2. What is it that eats and eats, yet never gets full?
3. Why must your nose be in the middle of your face?

Myra E. Winger, S., Ont., answers five riddles correctly, and sends in two Bible questions:—1. What verse in the Bible contains all the letters in the Alphabet except J? 2. How often does the word 'Lord' occur in both Old and New Testaments?

Little letters have also been received from Ruby Stephens, M.R., N.B., and from Clifford A. Haines, G., Ont.

'Messenger' Subscribers.

By quickly recognizing and taking advantage of good offers, one gets much pleasure.

Consult the date on your address label, and if it indicates that your subscription to the 'Messenger' is about due, read carefully our various clubbing offers elsewhere in this paper, and take advantage of them. The 'Weekly Witness,' or the 'Canadian Pictorial' are particularly suited to clubbing with the 'Messenger.' And if you club with one or other, or both of them, and do not like the publication, we will cheerfully refund for the unexpired term of the Subscription. But we are sure that you will greatly like them.

If your subscription to the 'Messenger' be not due for a long time, then consult the 'Canadian Pictorial' Coupon. You will never regret taking advantage of the bargain it offers.

LESSON VI.—NOVEMBER 18, 1906.

Jesus Before Caiaphas.

Matt. xxvi., 57-68.

Golden Text.

He is despised and rejected of men.—Isa. liii., 3.

Home Readings.

Monday, November 12.—Matt. xxvi., 57-68.
Tuesday, November 13.—Matt. xxvi., 69-75.
Wednesday, November 14.—Matt. xxvii., 1-10.
Thursday, November 15.—Matt. xiv., 40-64.
Friday, November 16.—Mark xiv., 65-72.
Saturday, November 17.—Luke xxii., 49-62.
Sunday, November 18.—John xviii., 13-24.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

Even to those who believe only in the 'manliness' of Jesus, His base betrayal, His ignoble desertion, illegal trial, and superlatively cruel death, are enough to touch their hearts to deepest pity. As Renan says, 'His legend will call forth tears without ceasing.' To those to whom Jesus is Divine, the successive scenes from Gethsemane to Golgotha are cumulative in strong compunctions. Bloody sweat, traitor's kiss, bound hands, hurrying from court to court, false accusations, blow on the mouth, mockery, the cry, 'Crucify!' scourging, the Via Dolorosa, the crucifixion—hearts are like to break under such climatical sorrow.

It is past midnight, but the devotees of an imperial ecclesiasticism are alert. With murderous jealousy they anticipate the delivery into their hands of one for whom they had just paid a goodly price—one who must be immediately put out of the way, or their honors, powers, and emoluments be the forfeit. Rich old Annas paces the marble court of his palace, and listens for the footfalls of the returning band. He will soon have the satisfaction of looking into the face of the iconoclastic Galilean, who has imperilled his vast revenues by twice cleansing the temple of the traffickers whom he had unlawfully licensed to trade there. He will see those hands bound with cords instead of plaiting cords into a whip to drive out the buyers and sellers with. Caiaphas, also Annas's son-in-law, and acting high priest, is on the 'qui vive' to carry into execution his judgment passed three months before—namely, that it were better that one should perish, without reference to his guilt or innocence, than that the nation should be jeopardized.

The chief priests, scribes, and Pharisees are anticipating with venomous pleasure their retaliation upon one who has publicly denounced them as serpents and vipers; who, with bold hand, has snatched the mask from their unparalleled hypocrisy, and has likened them to whitened sepulchers. So all hell is alert that night to carry to the full its short-lived triumph. A sardonic smile passes over the face of Annas as his dull ears catch the tramp of the guard at his very gate. He hurries in to his grand salon, and mounts his dais with tottering steps. The examination of Jesus here is purely informal. It is just such a courtesy extended by Caiaphas to Annas as, a little later, Pilate extended to Herod. It will have weight too, with the multitude, that the condemned is first arraigned before one who, according to Moses' law, is still a high priest. And by this device time is gained to 'pack the jury' in the only court which Rome recognizes; and there is a scurrying about for suborned witnesses, such as to this day can be had for a price in the lobby of almost any Oriental court.

There sits the Sanhedrim in form of a horseshoe, the high priest at the 'toe,' and a scribe with inkhorn and parchment at either 'cork.' In the space between the scribes stands the accused, in full view of the semicircle of venerables, who sit cross-legged upon their crimson cushions. Guilt is on the bench; innocence is in the dock. Not how to deal justly, but how to condemn is the problem of the court. How to find a verdict that will not too palpably outrage the forms of justice, and one which the Roman governor will ratify, a verdict that will involve the extremest penalty—that is the desideratum.

As a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so the Lamb of God opened not His mouth. Silence is His best defense. The suborned witnesses demolished each other's fabric of lies. Any tribunal not bent upon conviction would have thrown the case out of court with contempt. By His refusal to plead, Jesus denied the validity of the process and the jurisdiction of the court as constituted. The silent, dignified accused is fast throwing the court into confusion. It is at its wits' end, when bold and unscrupulous Caiaphas makes his 'coup de main.' He springs from his red hassock, and, rushing at Jesus with rage in look, gesture, and tone, bids Him answer the witnesses.

But before the vociferating judge, with his soiled ermine, Jesus maintains His imperturbable silence. A last expedient occurs to the fertile mind of Caiaphas. He will put Jesus in the dilemma of denying His Messiahship by persisting in His silence, or affording ground of conviction for blasphemy by affirming it. By most solemn abjuration he puts Him under oath, and then propounds his crucial question. There is not a moment's hesitation. The case against Him having utterly collapsed, He breaks His silence. He furnishes them with the ground of conviction, which they failed to find. They do not stop to question whether His testimony is true or not. It might readily be shown how His character and career fulfills the prophecies. There are ten thousand witnesses of His Messianic and wonder-working power who might have been summoned. But no! the case is prejudiced, the jury packed, the court bent on conviction, not truth and justice. With Oriental and dramatic effect, Caiaphas tears his costly robes into shreds from collar to hem, and precipitately finds a verdict, and then proceeds to poll the jury.

Thus Jesus, His hour having come, surrenders Himself into the hands of sinners, and voluntarily lays down a life which no man could have taken from Him.

KEY AND ANALYSIS.

I. Ecclesiastical trial of Jesus. (1) Sanhedrim unlawfully convened. Suborned witnesses. Jesus' silence. (2) Jesus adjured to answer. High priests' sacred oath. (3) Jesus' significant answer.
II. Ecclesiastical condemnation. (1) Death penalty passed. (2) Personal indignity to condemned.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

The canons of the Sanhedrim court were that the accused was to be esteemed innocent until proven guilty; it was an axiom. The Sanhedrim was set to save, not to destroy life; the president was to admonish witness of the value of a human life; counsel was to be provided for the accused; the youngest judges were to vote first, in order that they might not be prejudiced by the voice of the elders; condemnation could only occur the day after the trial had concluded; a capital trial could not begin the day before a Sabbath or a feast; no criminal trial could begin or be continued at night; no one could be executed on the same day on which sentence was pronounced. Every rule was flagrantly broken in the trial of Jesus.

* * * *

To retrieve the odium of the legal homicide of Jesus, his enemies invented an 'ex post facto' law, and incorporated it in the Talmud; to wit, any one who gave himself out as a false Messiah could be tried and condemned on the same day or in the night. They also framed the extraordinary story that a public herald was sent out for forty consecutive days before Jesus' condemnation to summon witnesses in His favor; but none appeared.

* * * *

Silence on the part of a defendant in an Oriental court is a complete anomaly. Profuse protestations of innocence, dramatic appeal, wild gesture—copious tears —these are the rule. The silent dignity of Jesus arrested the attention and struck the conscience of each court before which He was brought.

* * * *

The Sanhedrim thought it was condemning Jesus. In point of fact it was condemning itself. The Supreme Court of the Hebrew nation stands convicted at the bar of history of the foulest crime of all ages.

* * * *

Infidelity is like the Sanhedrim, in that it is on the search for evidence against Jesus. It is an effort to impeach His character and claims. It is bent on conviction. Where there is this palpable insincerity, the believer does well to imitate his Master's silence.

* * * *

What occurred in Caiaphas's court has been occurring ever since in the age-long arraignment of Jesus. The witnesses do not agree. One impeaches the other. Each new generation of skeptics presents a new hypothesis, thus denying the sufficiency of the former. Thus Strauss gives the lie to Voltaire, and Bauer to Strauss, and Renan to Bauer. But to this jargon of infidelity to Christendom responds, as from the beginning, in its glorious, unwavering credo, 'I believe in Jesus Christ.'

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Nov. 18.—Topic—How the Bible condemns intemperance: a review of all temperance passages. Hab. ii., 5-15.

Junior C. E. Topic.

EZRA'S LIFE.

Monday, November 12.—Ezra's family record. Ezra vii., 1-5.

Tuesday, Nov. 13.—From Babylon to Jerusalem. Ezra vii., 6-9.

Wednesday, Nov. 14.—Ezra's heart. Ezra vii., 10.

Thursday, Nov. 15.—The king's decree. Ezra vii., 11-26.

Friday, Nov. 16.—Ezra's thankfulness. Ezra vii., 27, 28.

Saturday, Nov. 17.—His arrival at Jerusalem. Ezra viii., 21-32.

Sunday, Nov. 18.—Topic.—The story of Ezra. Ezra vii., 6-10.

Do This In Advance.

In every lesson there are a few great truths which should be framed by the teacher in advance in the simplest and fewest words, and then drilled upon over and over by repetition, first by the individual scholar, then by the entire class. Nothing will fix in mind and heart the salient thought of the lesson, and at the same time hold the attention at work, like this going over the chief points of the lesson. But they must be first clearly stated by the teacher.—Hamill.

The Methodist Conference Picture in the October 'Canadian Pictorial' is well worth securing.

JACK-KNIFE FREE.

A regular mans jack knife something any boy will be proud of, secured by selling only one dozen copies of "THE CANADIAN PICTORIAL"—a new illustrated monthly that everyone will want. Ten cents a copy, with a 10 cent coupon in each. Send us a postcard for the 12 copies. When sold remit $1.20 and get knife by return mail.

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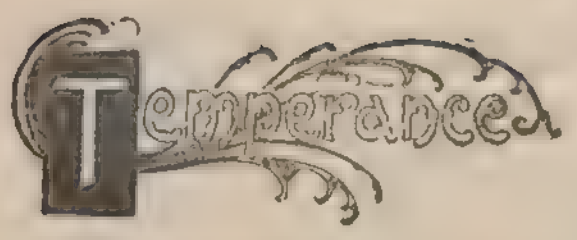

The Arrogance of Alcohol.

(W. Maxwell, in the 'Irish Temperance League Journal.')

It claims the power, at this good hour,
To rule the realm and rob the people;
Its flaring bars disdain the stars,
And look askance on dome and steeple.

With corner stones on blood and bones
By 'vested right' laid well and truly,
Its shrines demand, where'er they stand,
The nation's homage rendered duly.

Ye sons of toil, the garnished pile
Is Satan's avaricious swindle;
Its gaudy hue bodes death to you,
As to the moth the flaming candle.

'Twere better far to fall in war,
By fatal bolt of Krupp or Snider,
Than, caught like flies, to close your eyes,
The victims of a greedy spider.

O brother men! think while you can—
Is he the wiser man or braver,
Who courts the foe that lays him low,
Or holds the fort for his enslaver?

Presumptuous grown, Drink claims the throne;
Say, will ye crown the base pretender,
Or slam the gate, and save the State
By timely shout of 'No surrender!'

The Pump Station Fire.

Jimmy donned his rubber coat, lighted his candle and stuck it in his cap peak. Then he sat down in the hoist room and waited for his working partner, Charlie Fields. It was time to go down and take the night shift on the pump station, but Charlie was not in sight.

The hoist cage came up with loaded ore on both decks. The cars were rolled off and replaced with empty ones. The cage hesitated a moment, waiting for the head pump man, but as he did not appear, dropped down the long dark shaft into the bowels of the mountain.

Presently Kirk, the big superintendent, appeared. 'Where's Charlie?' he asked of the boy.

'Don't know,' Jimmy answered.

Kirk opened his watch. 'He's five minutes late, and the pump station is unmanned. Do you have any idea where he is?'

'Yes,' Jimmy answered, hesitatingly. 'This is pay day, and you know where many of the men are.'

'Oh, yes, at the Gray Goose, of course, drinking up their hard-earned money,' the superintendent replied quickly.

Kirk started to walk away, then turned on his heel and said: 'Jimmy, run down and get Charlie. Bring him up if he isn't too drunk. The pump station must be manned at once.'

Jimmy darted down the trail to obey.

But when he drew near the door of the saloon he hesitated. The Gray Goose was the one place in Gold Bug that the boy had never entered. The boisterous drinking place possessed no attractions for him. His firm refusals to drink had made him all the more admired by the men.

For a moment the boy stood on the trail and considered whether it was best for him to disobey the superintendent's command. 'No, I'm on duty now,' said the boy to himself. 'Kirk said I must get Charlie, and I will get him.'

The boy pushed open the swinging door and entered the saloon. On this night the place was unusually noisy. It swarmed with a crowd of red-shirted, heavy-booted men.

As he had expected, Jimmy found Charlie drinking heavily, and treating the miners that were in constant line at the bar. Though a strong man physically, tall and straight as a young pine, Charlie was possessed of one great weakness, and that was his thirst for drink.

The boy walked up quietly and touched the drinking man lightly on the arm. 'Charlie,' said he, 'it is time to go down. Kirk sent me after——'

'Get out of this, you little rat!' the drunken man yelled angrily, turning suddenly on the boy. 'Why didn't you ring the doorbell instead of sneaking in like a coyote?'

At this facetious remark the crowd laughed boisterously.

'Kirk wants you, Charlie,' the boy repeated, paying no heed to the jeers and taunts, and taking a firmer hold on the man's arm.

'What does he want with me? He's got no strings on——'

'You're late. Our shift's on now,' Jimmy interrupted. 'There's no one on the pump station.'

'What do I care?' the drunken man roared. He turned again to the bar.

Just then a mucker rushed into the saloon, all out of breath, and yelled: 'Where's Charlie and Jimmy?'

'Right here; what's the trouble?' the boy replied.

'Fire's broke out in the pump station. The men are all out of the upper levels and the whole mine will burn out unless the blaze is checked. Kirk wants two men to go down with him.'

'The station's on fire, Charlie!' the boy urged loudly. 'Come, quick!' He pulled and tugged at the tall man's arm.

Then the daze of the liquor passed from him and the big miner understood. 'What's that?' he cried. 'Fire in the pump station! And I'm late! My God, it's my fault!' He charged out of the saloon and up the trail with Jimmy close at his heels.

The men of the night shift were standing in huddled groups about the hoist, their candles flickering from their cap peaks. Smoke was pouring from the shaft in great black rolls. Kirk was running to and fro like a mad lion, angered to frenzy because none of the men would go down with him.

'It's sure death,' they declared, and none of them would budge.

'You're a lot of cowards,' he yelled, as he seized the hose coil and threw it on the cage deck.

'No, we're not,' Charlie answered, reeling aboard the cage. Jimmy stepped on beside him.

'Don't let that man go down,' the crowd protested, 'He's drunk.'

But Kirk did not hear. He pulled the bell wire and the cage cut a hole through the black smoke as it shot downward. At the pump station the cage stopped suddenly, bringing the three alongside the burning station.

The fire was roaring like a smelter furnace. The heat stung like vitriol. All three men would have been suffocated instantly had they not dropped quickly to their hands and knees and pressed their faces to the floor.

Kirk attached the hose to the pump hydrant, and the water dashed through the nozzle into the flames. The whole station was oil soaked, and the fire ate the wood greedily. The draught started up the shaft, sucking up fire and smoke in thick coils and twists.

In spite of their heroic work the flames gained headway.

'There's just one way to put it out,' said Charlie, 'and that's to crawl through and release the sump on the other side.'

Crawl through! Who would dare? It was to wade through fire. Even the fearless superintendent protested. But Charlie dropped to the floor and squirmed under the flames toward the sump. Jimmy also fell flat and dragged through after him. It was the only chance of saving the mine. Kirk remained on the cage deck and played the stream over them.

The floor was of steel and burned their hands like an oven. Overhead roared the flames. Burning cinders and coals dropped on them as the two crawled through, and they reached the opposite side with their hats and jumpers aflame.

Both leaped into the sump tank to extinguish their burning clothing, then released the water. Hissing wildly, an avalanche rushed down the sides and through the ceiling to the station.

For a moment the flames sputtered like a monster frying pan. With long shrieks the fire left the timbers, and burned out wood fell in chunks from the roof. By the time the tank was half emptied the fire was quenched.

At last, Charlie's whiskey dazed brain was no longer controllable. When he attempted to step across the station floor he reeled backward and would have fallen headlong into the sump had not Jimmy caught his arm. At the same moment a charred and burned-out timber dropped from the roof and struck the boy a heavy blow on the head, carrying him down like a shot and pinning him to the edge of the tank.

Once more Charlie gained control of himself. Kirk found him ducking Jimmy's head in the sump tank. 'He's just about gone,' said Charlie. 'He caught a timber that would have killed me. Say, out he's a brave boy. I wish I had his pluck.'

The two men tottered through the wreck, carrying Jimmy between them. He was limp and unconscious. Blood flowed from his head and face. Kirk jerked the bell wire and the cage shot up into the open air—the cool night air that soaked their parched lungs like nectar.

They laid Jimmy on a cot and called the camp physician. An hour later the boy regained consciousness. Charlie and Kirk were stooping over the bunk when the boy first opened his eyes.

'Jimmy,' said Charlie, 'I wish I had your pluck. Let's be partners. Anyway, won't you forgive my bad talk down at the Gray Goose? I didn't mean it.'

'You were drunk,' said Jimmy, with a feeling of pity.

'I know it, my boy, I know it,' the tall man replied, tears dripping from his eyes. 'If I promise to quit drinking, will you forgive me?'

'Of course I will, Charlie,' said Jimmy, like a real man, extending his hand, which the miner grasped eagerly.

'It's agreed, Jimmy, my boy. No more drinking for me. We're partners from this time on, you and I.'—'National Advocate.'

Chuck Full of the Bible.

There is a story of a Western boy who was a Christian, and the other boys hated him because he would not join them in their evil ways. They set one of their sharpest fellows to coax him kindly into sin. When he met him on the street he said, 'Johnny, come into the saloon and have a mint julip.' Johnny said, 'Oh, no, I can't go in there.' 'Well, why?' 'Because my Book says, "Look not upon the wine when it is red," much less drink it.'

The bad boy said, 'I know the Book says that, but come in and take one drink.'

He replied: 'I cannot do that.'

'Why?'

'Because my Book says, "At last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."'

'Yes, I know the Bible says that, but come in and take one drink.'

'No,' he said. 'My Bible says, "When sinners entice thee, consent thou not."'

The bad boy turned off and left him, and went over to his companions, and they said: 'Did you see him? 'Yes.' 'Did you get him to drink?'

'No, I could not get him into the saloon.'

'Why?'

'Because,' replied the bad boy, 'that fellow was just as chuck full of the Bible as he could be, and I could not do anything with him.—'Ram's Horn.'

Ten Per Cent Against Success.

Peter H. Burnett, the first Governor of California, cultivated a thirst for strong drink when he was a young man. He was good at mathematics, and began to figure what his chances were of dying a drunkard. He found that out of a hundred moderate drinkers ten became sots within a very short time. He could find no way of telling which ten it would be, and so concluded it would not be safe for him to join the hundred moderate drinkers. He said that no sensible man would go into a business where the chances were ten per cent. against success.—'Temperance Record.'

HOUSEHOLD.

Little Things.

A good-bye kiss is a little thing,
With your hand on the door to go,
But it takes the venom out of the sting
Of a thoughtless word or a cruel fling
That you made an hour ago.

A kiss of greetinug is sweet and rare
After the toil of the day,
And it smoothes the furrows plowed by care.
The lines on the forehead you once called fair
In the years that have flown away.

'Tis a little thing to say, 'You are kind;
I love you, my dear,' each night,
But it sends a thrill through the heart, I find—
For love is tender, as love is blind—
As we climb life's rugged height.

We starve each other for love's caress;
We take, but we do not give;
It seems so easy some soul to bless,
But we dole the love grudgingly, less and less,
'Till 'tis bitter and hard to live.
—'Christian Guardian.'

New Soil.

When John Dalton came back from the asylum where he had gone to place his wife, his neighbor, Perry, met him at the station and went home with him, that he might not enter the empty house alone. The old man was stunned and dazed.

'I don't know what ailed Mary,' he said, dully. 'You can see how clean and snug this house is. She always kept things so. Up before dawn milking and baking and washing. Same thing done at the same hour year in and year out. She hadn't complained of sickness for forty years. Then all at once she begun talking of an iron band around her jaws and queer pains in her head.'

'She seldom went into town, did she?' asked Perry.

'Never, hardly. I'm not much of a hand for gadding about to no purpose. She used to want to go into church Sundays, but I didn't like to hitch up when there was no work to do. But I wish now I'd done that for Mary.'

'She didn't visit much with the neighbors, either, did she?' asked Perry.

'No. That was my doing, too. When the day's work is done, I want to put on my slippers and rest, and then to bed, and not go skirmishing about or having a lot of company in.'

He was silent awhile. 'I don't know what ailed Mary,' he said again. 'She would sit looking at nothing, straight ahead of her, by the hour, and then cry and cry, yet always saying she had no trouble. And she got weaker every day, and then her mind went altogether. She didn't know me, not even her own name.'

'She will be cured in that sanitarium,' said Perry, cheerfully, 'and come home well in the spring.' He watched his old neighbor furtively awhile, and then said:

'Do you know, Dalton, some years ago my wife and daughter got peevish and irritable. I thought the steady work and loneliness were telling on them. So I got the parlor organ and pair for a year's lessons for Susy. We had music and singing every evening, and the young folks would gather in with their reading clubs. Then I took two or three papers, my wife is a main hand for guessing the riddles. And once a year I took her an' Susy up to town for a week.'

'Yes,' said Dalton, dryly. 'You spent a lot of money, I've heard.'

'It's bringing me in good interest.'

They sat in silence awhile. Then Perry put his hand on the old man's knee. 'When she comes back, if she ever does come, I'd open up life for her a bit, Dalton. You know how it is with potatoes. You plant the best kind in good ground, and they yield splendid crops for a year or two Then they begin to dwindle and rot.'

'Of course, the ground runs out. They need new soil.'

'Yes. You plant them in a different lot, and they yield big, healthy crops. Human beings are like them, Dalton. You've got to renew the soil, give them fresh food for their minds, or they'll dwindle and rot.'

Dalton did not speak for a long time.—Ex.

For the Busy Mother.

CHILD'S TUCKED RUSSIAN DRESS.—NO. 1027.

In all the plans for the new wardrobe the small boy must not be forgotten, and a stylish little suit is here shown, with sailor or bishop sleeve. This little frock is made with inverted box-plaited fullness below the belt at each side, and has a stitched collar of the same material. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes, from 1 to 6 years. It requires 3½ yards of 27 inch material, or 2½ yards of material 36 inches wide for the middle size.

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For Mothers.

Children need models more than criticism.

To bring up a child in the way he should go, travel that way yourself.

The sooner you get a child to be a law unto himself, the sooner you will make a man of him.

We can never check what is evil in the young unless we cherish what is good in them.

Stories first heard at a mother's knee are never wholly forgotten. a little spring that dries up in our journey through scorching years.

Line upon line, precept upon precept, we must have in a home. But we must also have serenity, peace and the absence of petty fault-finding, if a home is to be a nursery fit for heaven's growing plants.

There are no men or women, however poor they may be, but have it in their power by the grace of God to leave behind them the grandest thing on earth, character; and their children might rise up after them and thank God that their mother was a pious woman, or their father a pious man. —D. McLeod.

Habits and Character Formed by Play.

In 'Home and Flowers,' S. V. Tsanoff, one of the pioneer agitators for public playgrounds, has an article on the educational value of these institutions. Speaking of the influence of play upon character, he says:—

'Through play the child forms those habits and tastes that crystallize into character. By character here is meant, not the whole man, but its manifestations through habitual practices and manner of life. In this sense character has well been defined as "a bundle of habits." We work, and talk, and behave in general as we have been mostly accustomed to or in the habit of doing. Let us note, then, that the child forms his habits chiefly through play and social environment. No matter what he is taught at home or at school, he is strongly inclined to imitate his playmates, and to be influenced by his play-time surroundings. Who does not know this to be a fact? Prolonged life of this kind forms the habits and creates the tastes that control the conduct and denote the character.

'All the above means that play is ordained by the Creator to supplement the other educational activities; to develop the physical and mental health and vigor, to build character, train citizenship, and produce the highest possible types of manhood and womanhood. For achieving this end, play bears the some relation towards the emotional faculties which the hunger for truth or knowledge sustains towards the intellectual life. To suppress it, as is widely done to-day, means to suppress the child's growth and to dwarf body and mind. To neglect it, as is also universally prevalent, means to have the child fed, in this respect, on poisonous food in the streets, alleys, and other rowdy gatherings, and to become a man or woman of low tastes, vulgar habits, degrading tendencies, blighted life.'

Selected Recipes.

PUMPKIN PIE.—Cook the pumpkin well and strain it. Take five eggs, three cups of sugar, two-thirds of a cup of butter, two tablespoons ginger, one pint of cooked pumpkin and one quart of new milk. This will make three pies. The secret of making good pies is to use as little water as possible to get the dough into shape. Put a cup of lard to a quart of flour and a teaspoon of salt. This should make four crusts, either two pies with covers, or four without. Work the lard in the flour with your fingers until it is thoroughly mixed before adding the water, thin only a little, and then press the dough together hard, then turn out on a well-floured board and roll only one way. The under crust should be a little the thickest. When you make a pie without an upper crust it is always desirable to have a very heavy edge; make this by wetting the edge and laying on a narrow strip; pinch it up together, or when cutting the crust around

the edge of the pan, hold the knife well under the outer edge of the pan and pinch it between the thumb and finger right on top of the pan. A rolling-pin is best not to be washed; scrape the dough off well and rub with a dry towel. In this case it will always be dry, and if well floured it will never stick.

Cut up a part of the pumpkin, wash, and boil with the rind on until well cooked.

Run through a colander to separate rind from pumpkin.

To make two pies, take a quart of the pumpkins and mix with it the following:

Two eggs.

Two-thirds of a cup of granulated sugar.

One teaspoonful of cinnamon.

A pinch of salt.

Enough sweet milk to bring whole to the right consistency.

Pour on crust in tins and bake in moderate oven, until nicely browned.—Grandma Phelps's recipe for pumpkin pie.

The Household.

A few grains of rice in the salt shakers will prevent the salt from caking, and cause it to sprinkle out freely.

To keep the color of parsley, dip it for a minute or two in boiling water, then shake off the water and chop fine for soup or sauce.

If a lamp gets overturned water will be no use in extinguishing the flames. Earth, sand or flour thrown on will have the desired effect.

To clean nickel, scour with pulverized borax, use hot water and very little soap; rinse in hot water and rub dry with a clean cloth.

Dripping, if carefully clarified with boiling water and melted into a firm cake, is said to make as good pastry for pies and tarts as butter.

Religious Notes.

THE ARABIC BIBLE IN COURT.

The Arabic Bible has been before the courts in Egypt in a curious case. The Egypt General Mission has a bookstore in Suez. Outside of the door a Bible is kept in an open case for passers-by to read. Last summer some Mohammedan lads, for a joke and as an expression of their contempt for Christians, tore out leaves from this Bible, and threw dirt upon it. The bookseller, Salim, thereupon complained to the police, and the young hoodlums were arrested.

In a Mohammedan country it is a very serious offence to show disrespect to a holy book. The Koran everywhere speaks of the Pentateuch, the Psalms, and the Gospels as holy; consequently these young fellows were in pretty serious plight on being taken before the court. The lawyer who defended the lads made the point that the Bible is not holy. The one spoken of in the Koran having become lost, this Bible is an ordinary book which none are bound to respect. Upon this, Salim, the bookseller, who is himself a converted Mohammedan from Zanzibar and well educated in Mohammedan law, addressed the court. He used his opportunity for all that it was worth, telling the Mohammedan judges what the Bible teaches, and why it is to be accepted as the Book of God. All were much interested. The presiding judge gave judgment in favor of the Bible, and sentenced the unhappy young fellows to three months' imprisonment, although the bookseller begged for mercy to be shown them on account of youth and ignorance. Such a decision from a Mohammedan court is interesting. Since this episode no one has molested the Bible that stands outside the bookstore in Suez; many a Mohammedan, however, has stopped to read it.—'Bible Society Record.'

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GERMAN MEDICAL MISSIONS.

The publishing house of C. Bertelsmann, of Gutersloh, has this year brought out a twenty-page bimonthly magazine, entitled 'Die Arztliche Mission, the first magazine of any size to be issued in Germany in the interests of medical missions.

The first number supplies us with a detailed list of all the medical missionaries representing the German societies. There are 2 in India, 6 in China, 6 in Turkey, 4 in Africa, 2 in Sumatra, 1 in Labrador, 1 in Leh (British Tibet), and 1 in Alaska—23 in all. Of these 5 represent the Basel Missionary Society, 5 the Rhenish Society, 3 the Moravians, 1 the German Baptists, 1 the Leipsic Evangelical Lutheran Mission, 3 the German Orient Mission working at Urfa and Diarbekir, 2 the General Evangelical Protestant Missionary Union working at Kiau-chow, and 3 the German Helpers' League for Armenia. The missionaries have 13 hospitals, with about 400 beds in all, and the sum of the in and out-patients is about 60,000 per annum.—'Missionary Review.'

The Rev. R. B. S. Hammond who is conducting a most successful mission work amongst the non-church going population of Sydney, N.S.W., has a very successful way of dealing with unimportant or controversial questions addressed to him during the course of his open-air services. Replying to a reporter of the 'Christian World,' he said: 'Am I ever in theological difficulty? It is my practice to invite questions, but I am satisfied to discuss a clean life, and the reality of salvation from sin. When faced with a difficult question, my reply always is: "If I answer that question, will you accept Christ as your personal Saviour?" On a refusal, I assure the questioner that that's very evidently not his difficulty (though an interesting problem), and that I am only there to remove stumbling-blocks in the way of men coming to Christ."

A news item from England announces that Mr. John Crowle, recently deceased, left a legacy of $1,250,000 to the Wesleyan Methodist Church of England to be used for temperance work on the condition that the Church raises an equal amount within five years for the same work. The 'Advocate' says: 'We hope that the Church will raise the amount required, and that other Englishmen of wealth will follow John Crowle's example. We also hope that the example and precedent set by John Crowle will be followed by many American millionaires. Another late news item states that a bequest of $52,000 for prohibition work is announced under the will of the Hackley estate of Muskegon, Michigan.'

Light in the darkness indeed is the work of the Marcy Home in the Ghetto of Chicago. It is named in honor of Mrs. Elizabeth E. Marcy, one of the most active workers in the Women's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and is carrying on its work in the very forefront of the battle. Surrounded on all sides by the lowest classes of indrifting foreigners and the dregs of a sinking city population, it has yet unlimited supply of fresh material on which to work, for according to the 'North-western Christian Advocate' there is 'no danger of race suicide here. It seems as if every mother has at least a half dozen clinging to her skirts. Six large schools, with a total attendance which would average eighteen hundred to each, beside several large parochial schools, are not sufficient to accommodate all. Every one of these schools is within five blocks of Marcy Home.' A great and good work is being done with kindergarten classes, sewing classes, gymnasium, library and reading room, and dispensary, where a doctor and nurse are in attendance, but the field is large, and other cities have much the same call. This is work ready to our hands.

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